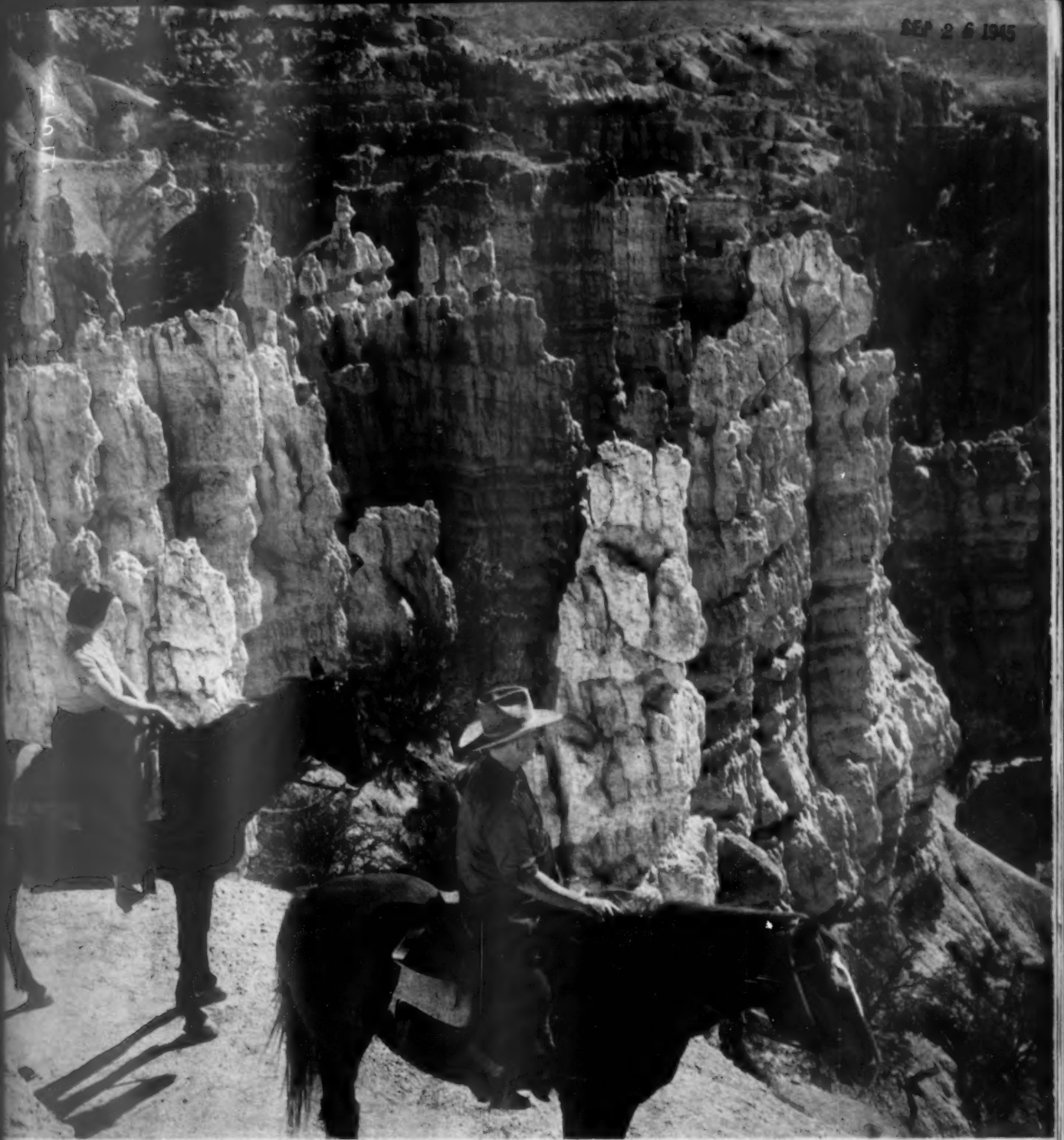


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Bryce Canyon

EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR.... *The San Francisco Charter*

P. HARRIS... *My Friend 'Chape'*

JOHN T. FREDERICK... *Summer Reading*

Rotarian

1945

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Bob LaFol

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US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America



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Comment on ROTARIAN articles
by readers of THE ROTARIAN

Talking it over

So It's 'Tom'!

Says WEBB B. GARRISON, Clergyman
President, Rotary Club
Timmonsville, South Carolina

Rotarians who know of the diffidence of the British for using first names may have wondered, before reading *About My Friend, Tom Warren*, by T. D. Young, in THE ROTARIAN for July, just what to call T. A. Warren, Rotary's new President. Now we know it is "Tom." We are glad to know it and like to think that Tom Warren agrees with Thomas Heyward, who said, nearly 200 years ago, "I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom."

Sulphur Backs Deaf Scouts

Points Out JOHN A. GOUGH, Rotarian
Superintendent
Oklahoma School for the Deaf
Sulphur, Oklahoma

Readers who saw the picture [THE ROTARIAN for June] of the Scout troop Rotarians of Delavan, Wisconsin, sponsor at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf will be interested in knowing that the Rotary Club of Sulphur has sponsored one of our two troops at the State School for the Deaf for a number of years. Thus, without seeking to detract from the Delavanites' good work, I should like to point out that their activity has a counterpart here.

'Vets' Will Want Jobs

Thinks ROY E. BUREN, Rotarian
Furniture Dealer
Farmington, Missouri

I am deeply interested in the future of our returning G. I.s. After reading *What Will 11,000,000 'Vets' Want?* [THE ROTARIAN for June] and other articles on the same theme in recent issues, I would like to add some comments of my own.

Naturally, the main thing they will want is a job. For many of them this will mean going into business for themselves. Most people think that it takes a lot of capital to do that—but if I may be excused for mentioning some of my personal affairs, I can show that that is not always so.

When I opened a home-furnishings establishment in 1939, my capital was only \$2,600 (and \$1,500 of it was borrowed), including a new truck. This has now expanded to \$9,000, two-thirds of which is in stock. I get along without a cash register, adding machine, or any formal help.

The fellow who intends to do only a cash business had best reconsider, for I find that it is the credit patrons—who buy something else for cash when they pay up—who pay the overhead.

Those entering business now will need to be good economic and social pre-

dictors. . . . Keener competition faces us all, for salesmanship will soon replace order taking. Those properly prepared can reap their portion of the post-war grain. May the soldier who belongs in business for himself be a good reaper! We who stayed at home should enlarge his chance.

Re: 'Price of Past Mistakes'

From L. A. MAGNUSON, Rotarian
Sales Mgr., Swanson Machine Corp.
Jamestown, New York

After reading "The Price of Past Mistakes" in the article by André Maurois, *A Time for a Great Faith* [THE ROTARIAN for June], which I thought quite interesting, I came across something the other day which impressed me very much. It appeared in the *Congressional Record*, and is an excerpt from a speech by Daniel A. Reed, of New York. I am quoting this as I think it ties up with your article, and shows us what a terrible price mankind pays for man-made wars. Mr. Reed stated:

Records show that from the year 1500 B.C. to A.D. 1860 more than 8,000 treaties of peace meant to remain in force forever were concluded. The average time they remained in force was two years. These broken treaties were not made by the people themselves nor by their representatives, but by rulers with the power of life and death over their people and with power to make and break treaties and to make war. The result of such vast powers usurped by ambitious rulers has left a record of only 227 years of peace during a period of 3,357 years. It is estimated by one eminent authority that more than 15 billion persons have sacrificed their lives in the wars of historic times.

I believe you will agree that we need a Secretary of Peace rather than a Secretary of War, and more efforts are necessary if we are to have peace.

How about 'War with Spain'?

Asks J. A. HILLIARD, Rotarian
Historian
Independence, Iowa

Rotarians should be broad-minded enough to make allowances, so on page 11 of THE ROTARIAN for June, I presume that in "The Price of Past Mistakes" you must have classed "America's War for Humanity" as not a mistake, but justified. The Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, and the Boxer Rebellion—all one and the same—are classified by the Pensions and Veterans' Administrations as the "War with Spain." It lasted 15 years, 8 months, and 10 days—or 5,364 days—and legislation is pending recognizing this.

The Government has already recognized it as of 1,535 days' duration, and Huidekopper, in *The Military Unpreparedness of the United States*, shows the Spanish and Philippine (they cannot be separated) war cost \$46,092,740.47. I have figures which show that that war

brought the United States \$8,000,000,000 in taxable wealth and cost us \$1,200,000,000, including payment to Spain of \$20,000,000, leaving a net gain of \$6,800,000,000.

You may not consider it one of the mistakes, for, from the time of the Cabots (1497) up to our becoming an independent nation (1776), England and Spain had contested for mastery of the Western world. We inherited the English end of that contest. . . .

"America's longest war," April 21, 1898, to December 31, 1913, is frequently overlooked by speakers and writers and as it is a "hobby" of mine, I seldom fail to call attention to its omission. On April 21, 1898, we declared war. On April 23, 12,500 volunteers were called. In one week we were building three armies to invade three foreign countries 80 to 8,000 miles off our coast. In 10 days we proved a united nation; in 14 days we became a recognized world power; in 114 days we won a war; and in 5,250 days more we won the peace, piece by piece; and the Government of the United States officially acknowledges 1,421 days of this and a bill is up on the remainder.

Re: A Lasting Peace

By Mrs. M. J. HERR
Wife of Rotarian
New London, Ohio

May I congratulate you on the article by Harold E. Stassen, *Opportunity at San Francisco*, and the chart of the United Nations Organization as suggested by the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, with the questions on San Francisco [May ROTARIAN]. We must be an informed people, and I for one want to know what it is all about. It is so important that this opportunity at San Francisco not be muffed in order that we may achieve a lasting peace.

Notes on Handling Germany

By M. L. FULLER, SR., Rotarian
Meteorologist
Peoria, Illinois

It was most interesting to read the timely article by Oswald Garrison Villard titled *The Disarmament of Germany* [see THE ROTARIAN for June]. The end of fighting there brings the opportunity for European peace. Everyone has been hoping that the peace may be permanent. Since the principal cause of the war was the warped thinking of German leaders, it will obviously be necessary to correct that thinking in order to insure durable peace, rather than keep Germany in permanent subjection.

History is full of evidence that the spirit or thinking or philosophy of a people cannot be changed by military defeat or conquest. And reeducation is never accomplished by compulsion. The German people must come to realize for themselves that they would not accept from one another the sort of treatment that Germany has inflicted upon other peoples; and that such treatment should not and will not longer be tolerated from Germany. In order to realize this the German people must have the facts and the false [Continued on page 50]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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The District Governor

A LITTLE LESSON IN ROTARY

THE District Governor* is the administrative officer of Rotary International in his District. He is nominated by the Rotary Clubs of that District and elected by the International Convention, which this year was a streamlined, four-part affair, held in Chicago, Illinois.

At the International Assembly, which was also held in Chicago in four small group sessions, the new District Governors were schooled in ways to meet the problems which they will face during the year, which begins July 1.†

The overall function of the District Governor is to advance the Objects of Rotary, and it is expected that this advance will be made along uniform lines in the various Districts. In his activities every Governor, of course, will be loyal to the basic principles of Rotary International as set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws and in special supplementary legislation adopted by the International Convention, as well as in decisions of the Board of Directors of Rotary International.

Each Governor will do all he can to promote and maintain the fundamental characteristics of Rotary:

1. The classification principle of membership.
2. Attendance, at least in the required minimum.
3. Fellowship in the establishment of intimate and lasting friendships.
4. The use of the Club meeting in the making of broader and better businessmen—in training men to become more capable of rendering service in their vocations and in the community in which they live.
5. The requirement that members strive for the betterment of their respective crafts, particularly stressing high business standards and practices.
6. An obligation to do effective but nonduplicative service in their community, State or Province, and country.
7. Service to humanity.
8. The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace.

Among his duties the District Governor will arrange for and preside over a unit assembly of Club Officers, help member Clubs solve their problems, encourage intercity meetings, issue a mimeographed *Monthly Letter*, and aid in organizing new Clubs.

Now that you've read this Little Lesson in English, try it in Spanish—in the parallel translation. If, after that, you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in *Revista ROTARIA*, Rotary's magazine published monthly in that language. A one-year subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.

*Called "R. I. Representatives" in the Rotary Districts of Great Britain and Ireland.

†Note these exceptions: The administrative year begins on September 1 in District 53; on October 1 in Districts 56, 65, 76, 83, 88, 89, 90, and 91.

EL Gobernador de Distrito* es el funcionario administrador de Rotary International en su distrito. Lo proponen los Rotary clubs de ese distrito y lo elige la convención internacional, que este año fué un acto sintético en cuatro partes celebrado en Chicago, Illinois.

En la asamblea internacional, que también tuvo lugar en Chicago en cuatro pequeños grupos, los nuevos gobernadores de distrito recibieron instrucción acerca de los medios para hacer frente a los problemas con que tendrán que enfrentarse durante el año, que principia el 1.º de julio.†

La función principal del gobernador de distrito es fomentar la aplicación de los fines de Rotary, y se espera que esto se realice de acuerdo con orientación uniforme en los diversos distritos. En estas actividades cada gobernador, naturalmente, se sujetará a los principios básicos de Rotary International establecidos en los estatutos y reglamento y en disposiciones especiales complementarias dictadas por la convención internacional, así como acuerdos de la junta directiva de Rotary International.

Cada gobernador hará todo cuanto esté en sus manos para fomentar y conservar las características fundamentales de Rotary, a saber:

1. El principio de clasificaciones relativo al ingreso de socios.
2. La asistencia, cuando menos en el mínimo requerido para conservar la calidad de socio.
3. El compañerismo en la creación de amistades íntimas y duraderas.
4. El aprovechamiento de las reuniones de club para hacer más comprensivos y útiles a los hombres de negocios—preparándolos para servir mejor en sus ocupaciones y en la comunidad.
5. El requisito de que los socios se esfuercen por mejorar sus gremios haciendo hincapié especialmente en la necesidad de normas y procedimientos de moralidad comercial más elevada.
6. La obligación de brindar servicio efectivo, cuidando de no duplicarlo, en la localidad, en el estado o provincia, y en la nación.
7. El servicio de la humanidad.
8. El fomento de la convivencia, la buena voluntad y la paz internacionales.

Entre otras, tiene el gobernador de distrito la obligación de preparar y presidir una asamblea de funcionarios de club, ayudar a los clubes asociados a resolver sus problemas, fomentar la celebración de reuniones interclubes, publicar una carta mensual a mimeógrafo y ayudar en la organización de nuevos clubes.

*Llamados "Representantes de R. I." en los distritos de la Gran Bretaña e Irlanda.

†Existen estas excepciones: el año administrativo principia el 1.º de septiembre en el distrito 53; y el 1.º de octubre en los distritos 56, 65, 76, 83, 88, 89, 90 y 91.

AUGUST, 1945

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Presenting This Month

ALLEN D. ALBERT, a Past President of Rotary International (1915-16), is a sociologist, a one-time war (Spanish-American) correspondent, and later editor of the Washington (D. C.) *Times*, and editor-publisher of the Columbus (Ohio) *News* and the Minneapolis (Minnesota) *Tribune*.



Albert

He has been on the faculty of the University of Minnesota, and is now director of the Sheldon Swope Art Gallery in Terre Haute, Indiana, where he holds active Rotary membership. The Rotary Clubs of Chicago and his home town of Paris (both in Illinois) include him on their honorary rosters. He holds the honorary degree of doctor of science in sociology, and the Silver Cross for conspicuous Christian leadership, the latter awarded by the Seabury-Western Episcopal Seminary in 1938.

AMOS E. NEYHART, road training consultant of the American Automobile Association and administrative head of the Institute of Public Safety at the Pennsylvania State College, is the "father" of a driving course now offered in some 7,500 U. S. high schools. He is a past president of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, and has authored numerous magazine and textbook articles on the subject of safe-driving practices.



Neyhart

More than 350 different magazines and newspapers have carried the work of ROBERT SPARKS WALKER, naturalist of Chattanooga, Tennessee, whose writing career began when he was but 12 years of age—when he contributed articles and puzzles to farm papers. When he was 21, he was editor of a fruit growers' magazine with an international circulation.

The photo for this month's cover is by FRED BOND (from Publix).

—THE CHAIRMEN

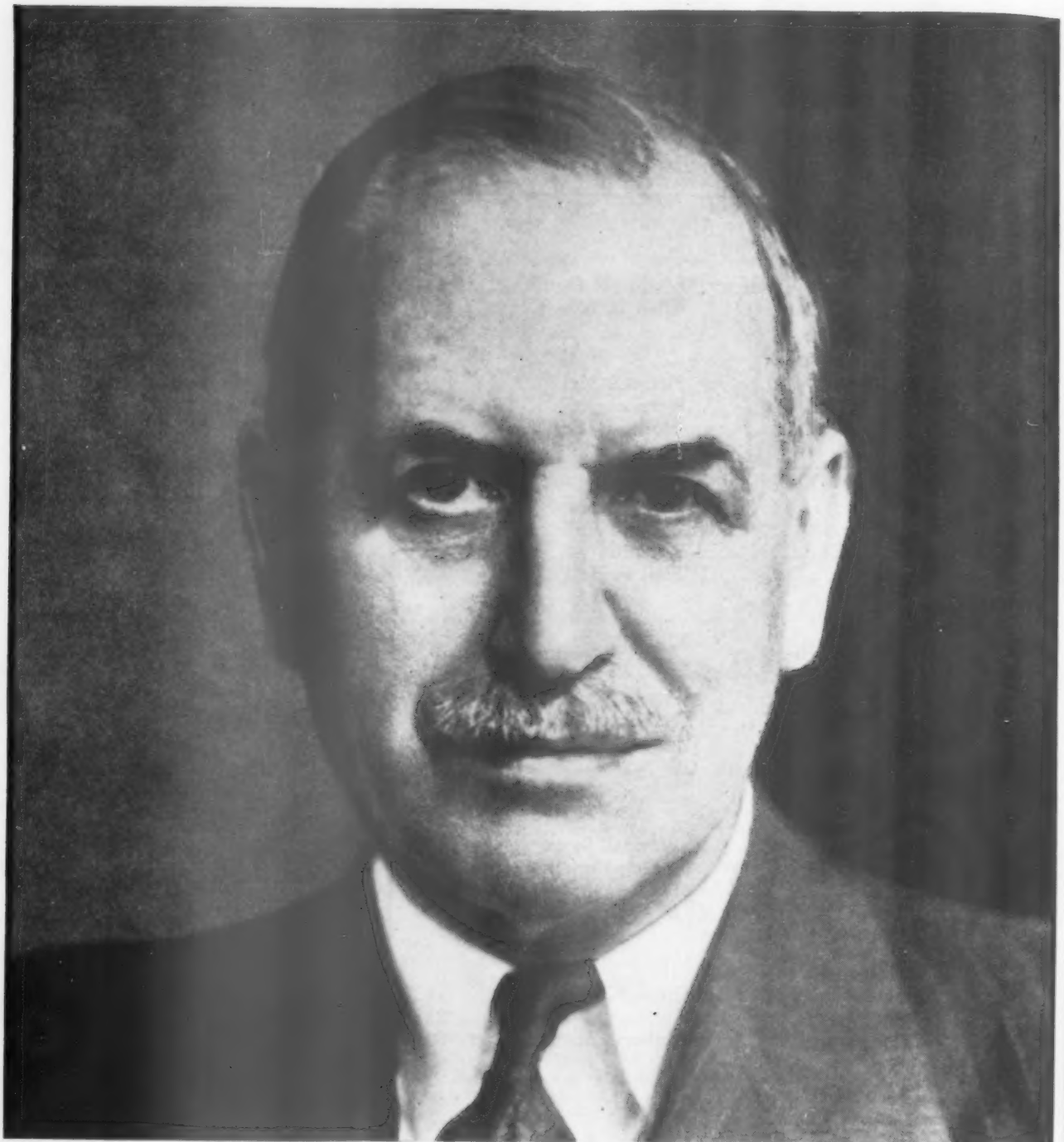


Photo: Walinger

Rufus F. Chapin

1867-1945

If in your Rotary you find a warmth of spirit, a gentle good humor that buoys and stays you, it may well be that you can trace them to "Rufe" Chapin. For these were the qualities he brought to the first Rotary Club when it was but five months old, and these he continuously disbursed during his 33 years as Rotary's international Treasurer. Death came to "Rufe" on June 12. Of the many memories his passing evokes, Founder Paul Harris writes on page 32.

A Letter to a Soldier

By Edward A. Lapham

Manufacturer, Rotarian; Queens Borough, N.Y.

A 'vet' of '18 gets off a friend'y note to young Joe
—any Joe—who's about to climb back in to 'civvies.'

DEAR JOE:

Walking to work this morning, I saw something that set me thinking about bravery and heroes. I was taking the short cut to 48th Avenue, and on a back street met a sailor. A husky bruiser, he wore three tiers of campaign ribbons on his chest and two or three hitch stripes on his sleeve.

What deeds of courage all those bright bits of silk betokened I could only guess. Yet, as I passed him, the sailor dropped his head and, like a small boy ashamed, intently studied the grass. And this, Joe, was why: In his brawny hand he held a light leather leash, and on the end of that leash was a tiny pooch—a Pekingese dog so small that he could have stuffed her in his pants pocket if he had had one.

His wry face told the whole story. Back in one of the houses along the street was the little wife he'd fought to come home to and whom he loved to please. For *her* he'd walk this silly little mutt if it killed him—and it almost did.

That, as I say, started me thinking about this business of bravery. We are all pretty much like that sailor, aren't we? The things we fear most are not those which involve risk of life, but rather those which involve loss of countenance. It takes most of us years to develop convictions of our own; it takes us still longer to acquire the courage to stick by them despite criticism, ridicule, and gossip.

In other words, I'd say to you, Joe, and to all your buddies: Beware, you heroes of the field! Do not worry whether the folks at home will recognize your military bravery. They *will*. Rather, give thought to whether you can maintain the same courage as you face the little problems that will come with your return to "civvies." If you have anything to worry about, that, I think, is it.

I've just been reading a book called *Tully's Officers*. Ever hear of it, Joe? It's a father's advice to his soldier son, and, though it was written in 1660, the counsel it compresses is as good today as it was then. In fact, like old wine, it has improved with age. The father warns the son that though he has conducted himself with honor on the field of battle, he must realize that the nation will soon forget all this and will accord him no particular distinction in private life.

While many of us at home are determined that your sacrifices shall never be forgotten, we must in candor admit that there is truth in what that father said. Human memory does blur. You have certain rights, yes, and we mean to protect them for you. We are determined that you shall have more education, if you want it, or a loan for a farm or a little business; we will try to help you find a job, a satisfying one if possible.

But a soldier likes it "dished out cold," doesn't he, Joe? My buddies and I did a quarter of a century ago. So let me tell you what you have no right to expect.

You have no right to expect your fellow citizens to support you unless you are so incapacitated that you cannot maintain yourself. Certainly, take that bonus a grateful people votes you; you would have earned its equal had you remained a civilian. But don't bank on a soft snap.

You have no right to expect a top job in the industrial show right off the bat. You are not all officers in the service. Happiness, you know, is gauged not by the

position a man holds, but rather by how he holds that position. Some of your greatest pleasures will come from the simple act of helping others.

Opportunities will arise; be sure you recognize them! But don't waste life waiting for a tailor-made position. Take a job and make it a good one.

The boys who came through El Alamein and Bastogne and Iwo Jima have licked the demons from hell. Can any little problem of peace throw them? But what about the millions of fighting men far from the fight? Has war taught them any holds useful in the match to come?

I'M THINKING of the soldier who stood guard night after night 27 years ago on a wave-whipped jetty at St. Nazaire, France. Miles from the battle, warmly clad and armed to the teeth, he was safe. Yet as the black night bore down, as the wind howled, and as the sea crashed all around, that young soldier knew a fierce and unreasonable fear. Though he could never explain or conquer it, he stuck it out. No heroics there, Joe, but do you know what I got out of that and a hundred other commonplace Army experiences like it? I won the knowledge that I could do anything any other fellow could do if I tried. That has proved the most valuable asset in my life.

You have learned that, too, haven't you, Joe? Then you are all set. Live as courageously in peace as you have in war—and, my young friend, the world will be your oyster.

Guest **E**ditorial 



San Francisco: Gateway to Peace

THE INVITATION to Rotary International to participate in the United Nations Conference as consultant to the United States delegation was not merely a gesture of goodwill and respect toward a great organization. It was a simple recognition of the practical part Rotary's members have played and will continue to play in the development of understanding among nations.

The representatives of Rotary were needed at San Francisco, and as you well know, they made a considerable contribution to the Charter itself, and particularly to the framing of provisions for the Economic and Social Council.

I, for one, do not believe it is possible to exaggerate the importance of that part of The United Nations organization. History may well judge the strengthening of the Economic and Social Council to have been as significant and far-reaching as any other accom-

plishment of the San Francisco Conference.

The Council was strengthened at San Francisco in four important respects:

First, it was raised to the level of a principal organ of the United Nations along with the General Assembly, the International Court of Justice, the Security Council, and the Secretariat.

Second, the Charter spells out the purposes to be achieved through economic and social coöperation among nations.

They are, to promote—

"a. *higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress and development;*

"b. *solutions of international economic, social, health, and related problems; and international cultural and educational coöperation; and*

"c. *universal respect for, and observance of, human rights and*

fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language, or religion."

Third, the Council was directed to set up, among other commissions in its fields, a Commission on Human Rights. You are, I imagine, familiar with the history of that provision, the story of its proposal by the United States delegation with the encouragement and solid backing of its consultants.

One of the first duties of the Human Rights Commission will, I am confident, be to start preparation of an International Bill of Human Rights. It will then be for each of the United Nations to decide whether to make it a part of its own law as the American Bill of

VIOLENT applause shook the Conference hall when Honduran Ambassador Julian R. Caceres flourished a paper announcing the war's end in Europe. The report proved over a week premature.

← "THE BIG Three" in an informal talk in San Francisco's Opera House—Mr. Molotov of Russia, Mr. Stettinius of the United States, Mr. Eden of Britain. At far left, Mr. Molotov's interpreter.

Rights has been a part of ours.

We cannot expect the mere existence of an International Bill of Rights to work miracles. After 150 years we in the United States are still working toward complete fulfillment of the purposes of our own Bill of Rights. But we can hope that the existence of such a document, agreed upon by the nations, will constitute a continual prod to the conscience of mankind, a goal toward which all may strive.

Finally, the Economic and Social Council has been authorized to consult with nongovernmental organizations, both international and national, in its fields of competence. What this provision will mean in practice is largely up to the Council itself. But of one thing we can be reasonably certain: that this provision opens the door to international coöperation in fields which are virtually unexplored.

This presents us with an opportunity and a challenge. In order to restore the conditions of peace, the United Nations must jointly plan and develop ways of helping back to their feet those among us who have suffered devastation. They must promote economic development, stabilize currencies, stimulate employment, produce and distribute in such a way that the volume of world trade will increase year by year. If in this undertaking any of us should think narrowly of his own immediate interests and forget the economic interdependence of all, we shall head straight for depression, political instability, and perhaps another war.

Just a few weeks ago the Congress advanced the cause of economic coöperation by approving an extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. The setting up of a world bank and stabilization fund under the Bretton Woods Agreements will take us another long step in the right direction. It will be one of the major responsibilities of the Economic and Social Council to

promote and coöordinate this kind of international action in the interests of all.

Much has been written and said about the Charter of the United Nations. I should like to make just two observations and then go on to tell you something about the processes by which the Charter was hammered out, for I think they will be of particular interest to Rotarians.

There can be no doubt that the Charter of the United Nations is a more powerful and more democratic instrument for the preservation of peace and the promotion of human well-being than was outlined in the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals. You will remember that in the months before the Conference there was doubt in the minds of many people whether the four sponsoring powers would have the courage—some called it the temerity—to open wide the door to amendments at San Francisco. What actually happened was that the sponsoring powers themselves took the lead in jointly formulating and proposing no less than 28 amendments to the Dum-

By Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.

Official Photo: UNCIO



barton Oaks Proposals. Several of these were far-reaching. The substance of many other amendments, suggested by the other nations, large and small, is embodied in the Charter. And many constructive ideas grew out of our discussions in such a way that it would be impossible to label their authorship.

The remarkable thing about these amendments and ideas is that, almost without exception, they were designed to strengthen the organization. In reaching agreement among so many nations and points of view, you might have expected a watering-down process. At San Francisco the exact opposite happened, and it was a measure of the determination of the delegates and their peoples to build a powerful bulwark against war, as well as a token of their faith in international coöperation.

How was the organization strengthened? It was strengthened by giving the Security Council the authority to recommend terms as well as methods of settlement.

It was strengthened by the new chapter on International Trusteeship, which constitutes, by common consent, a great improvement over the League of Nations Mandates System for the administration of territories inhabited by dependent peoples.

It was strengthened by the clear definition of the relationship between Regional Arrangements and the International Organization, a definition which strongly affirmed the paramount authority of the United Nations, but encouraged regional groups to work out peaceful settlement of local disputes, and made explicit the right of individual and collective self-defense.

It was strengthened by the establishment of the International Court of Justice contemplated at Dumbarton Oaks which follows in form and tradition the Statute of the World Court, but whose membership is limited, in the first instance, to the United Nations.

It was strengthened, I firmly believe, by the recognition given to the principle established at Yalta that unity among the great powers is essential to all decisions that may either lead to or involve en-



About the Author—

AS U. S. SECRETARY of State and head of the U. S. delegation, 44-year-old Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., was his nation's chief spokesman at San Francisco. After the Conference he was appointed to be U. S. representative to the proposed United Nations Organization. Chicago-born, "Ed" Stettinius became chairman of the board of U. S. Steel Corporation at 36, is proud of his three young sons.

This article is number 47 in the series entitled "Peace Is a Process" and introduces a sequence interpreting UNCIO.

forcement action by the Security Council, though the right of free discussion in that body is strictly maintained.

It was strengthened, and liberalized by the human rights amendments, which are contained in the Chapter on Purposes, and under the provisions for the General Assembly and the Economic and Social Council. It was improved also by including specific mention of coöperation in "education," "health," "cultural" fields, and the goal of "full employment," which are not to be found in the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals.

It was strengthened and liberalized by the expansion of the authority of the General Assembly to discuss and make recommendations not only on any question relating to the maintenance of peace, but for the peaceful adjustment of any situation, regardless of origin, likely to impair the general welfare, including those resulting from violations of the purposes and principles of the Charter.

It was strengthened and liberalized by broadening the field of activity of the Economic and Social Council, as I have indicated above.

And, finally, it was strengthened by a preamble which, departing from precedent, opens with the words "We the peoples of the United Nations."

These, in broad outline, are some of the accomplishments of the San Francisco Conference. The way in which they were made is perhaps as important as the fact that they were made. For I am firmly convinced that the United Nations Conference will go down in history as a great forward step not only because of what was created at San Francisco, but also because of what happened there.

If, ten years hence, you should go back to the dusty files of the newspapers of the Spring of 1945, you would probably get an impression from the headlines that our proceedings at San Francisco consisted of a series of "rows," "crises," and "deadlocks," and you would probably wonder how on earth a Charter was ever created.

What actually happened, what created a Charter, and a strong Charter, was a series of agreements: agreements among nations whose differences of race, culture, tradition, and language were about as sharp as can be found on this earth. The method of reaching agreement was at once immensely simple and immensely complicated. It was the method of give and take.

It was the method of coöperation, in the practice of which modern man, with all his scientific and technological skill and "know-how," is still a novice.

What is important is not that every single nation gained something, but that every single nation conceded something, and in the process, all gained immeasurably because of that fact. What is significant is not that we had disagreement—that is the most natural and human thing in the world—but that we reached agreement on every major question. To some the experience was painful, to others it was exhilarating, to all it was immensely valuable. I think this judgment will be confirmed by the consultants to our delegation who [Continued on page 49]



Official photos: UNCTO

A CONSULTANT (top photo) aims a question at Commander Harold E. Stassen, a U. S. delegate. . . . Photo just above shows the author (speaking) and Rotary's Past President Tom J. Davis on consultative duty.

A Consultant at the Conference

If the San Francisco document bears the stamp of human understanding, the counsel that groups like Rotary offered may in a measure explain it.

By Allen D. Albert

Past President of Rotary International

MOST of us know San Francisco—

Suspension bridges glistening over sea water . . . high hills crowned with skyscrapers . . . the Orient showing in the eyes of every third or fourth passerby on the streets . . . Chinatown on the side of a hill . . . people warmly cordial, gay, alive . . . in these tense days the American Navy everywhere . . . on quiet Sunday mornings deep-toned chimes calling lonely young bluejackets to worship in the same pews with officers and their wives . . . far out across the Pacific, Japan . . . the war that is yet to be won. . . .

In aspect and spirit, in geographical location, I question if any other city could be so appropriate for a conference of nations devoted to reaping from this war a way to prevent further recourse to war.

Something of this came to 70 particular Americans, I venture, who reported in San Francisco to become consultants to the American delegation for the United Nations Conference on International Organization which opened April 25. Without their knowing it they were themselves heralds of a new dispensation.

For other meetings of nations

after other wars, if there were advisors or consultants or technicians, they were chosen individually and sat long days waiting for questions that in most instances were never asked.

For this assembly, the first of history which should bring together envoys from 50 nations, these consultants came as spokesmen for peacetime societies having little to do, or nothing to do in most cases, with declarations of war, armies on the march, surrenders on the battlefield.

Rotary International was one of the 42 organizations invited to furnish consultants, one of the

first to be included, as we know now. The call came last April.

President Richard H. Wells responded to it energetically. While the service was to be rendered to the delegation of one nation only, the cause to be served was as truly international as Rotary could demand. He took it to be a summons to go into action for Rotary's Fourth Object.

I think it is like Rotary and like Dick Wells that where other societies sent two spokesmen, or three as in most cases, and the American Legion sent six, Rotary should have provided 11 in the course of five weeks.* I add with pride that each of ten—I was assigned with nearly all of them—brought into the discussions a special sum of information, a well-poised judgment, and a purpose to represent Rotary's strength in behalf of—

The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace.

Why did not some earlier Government think of this device? Through this group of consultants, the American delegation was in touch with every school in the United States, every business enterprise, every woman's club, every church, every committee of scholars informed as to the technique and history of earlier movements to reduce war, every labor union, every farmers' cooperative and grange, every form of social service.

Nor were these spokesmen with whom we Rotarians came into fellowship any run-of-mine outfit. In nearly every case the president chose himself, which was quite as it should be, as he bore in his person the endorsement of his membership. Usually he had at his side an associate or two, or three,

picked by him as specially qualified to earn respect for the organization.

I have had association with many boards and committees and I report that I have not known in any other service so much of personal devotion, so much of distinguished leadership, so much of clear thinking.

Oh, to be sure, a man—or a woman either, for that matter—does not put off his colored spectacles easily if he comes to conference as the chosen voice of Education, with a capital E, or of Free Enterprise, or of Anti-New Deal, or of Labor, or of a particular religious denomination, yet I bear witness to you, after sitting with these men and women hour upon hour, day after day, until we were all frayed of nerve, that after the first week there was less confusion of loyalties than you would have thought humanly possible.

Our President and Secretary can tell of the first few sessions

better than I, for I did not arrive until the beginning of the second week. The impression I gather from consultants and delegates is that there was not at first any clear expectation of the rôle the group would be called upon to play. The consultants were lifted into influence and importance through the course of events.

One propulsion was a fine purpose of the American delegation to put into the Charter that which the American people genuinely desired. Through the consultants—men like Rotarian F. Harper Sibley, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and James B. Carey, of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), women such as Mrs. LaFell Dickinson, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs—the American delegates could learn quickly, dependably, what was desired. And that was the nature of the first sessions.

Then came another pressure;

Rotary International's Panel of Consultants



PHILIP LOVEJOY
Chicago, Illinois
General Secretary, RI

RICHARD H. WELLS
Pocatello, Idaho
1944-45 President, RI

J. RAYMOND TIFFANY
Hoboken, New Jersey
Past Vice-President, RI

CYRUS P. BARNUM
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Assistant Secretary, RI

WALTER D. HEAD
Montclair, New Jersey
Past President, RI

*Each of the 42 organizations was privileged to have three representatives—one "consultant" and two "associate consultants." Rotary International's 11 served three at a time, in rotation.

Among consultants serving other organizations were several Rotarians, including: Earl W. Benjamin, New York, New York; Homer L. Brinkley, Lake Charles, Louisiana, and Charles Teague, Santa Paula, California, National Council of Farmer Cooperatives; Ben M. Cherrington, Denver, Colorado, National Education Association; Vivian D. Corbley, Cincinnati, Ohio, Disabled American Veterans of the World War; General Frank McCoy, Lewistown, Pennsylvania, Foreign Policy Association; Philip Nash, Toledo, Ohio, American Association for the United Nations; F. Harper Sibley, Rochester, New York, Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Herman B. Wells, Bloomington, Indiana, American Council on Education.

one could almost feel it physically: The smaller nations were not willing to accept from the bigger a mere mechanism for restraining aggressors. They wanted the new association of nations to hold within itself a possibility that the world under its ascendancy would be a better place in which to live.

The American delegates were exceptional in breadth of interest and yet only one or two of them could have given specifications on that better world. In a long room in the Fairmont Hotel, sitting around and back of a long table, were the very men and women who could give specifications—as to education, or religion, or consumer demand, or the changing relations between management and labor.

Hence we found ourselves, day after day, urged to talk with freedom of what was reported to us from the committees of the Conference. Twice a week or oftener

we were given detailed reviews of what was going on throughout the entire assembly. Every official paper was provided us. Mr. Stettinius, Commander Stassen, Dean Gildersleeve, Senators Connally and Vandenberg, came often—and there were frequent informal talks between particular consultants and particular delegates.

The fruit of such service can be covered with one word—humaneness. When you read in the preamble, "We the peoples of the United Nations . . .," you may know that these unofficial consultants helped make the change from States to human beings. When you come upon the objective of education for backward populations, you may know that therein this group had its way.

More than that, when in later years you find the weal of the oppressed among America's thrice-blessed population supported with freshened vigor, you may deduce that in some discussion at that

long table leaders of thought in America became better informed, more truly consecrated.

A saying was heard at San Francisco to this effect:

Forty-five nations at this Conference wait upon the leadership of five nations. The five wait upon three. The three wait upon one. The one is the United States of America.

THE ROTARIAN should record how well and faithfully Rotary was served. Its delegates were present at every meeting and set an example of promptness. They did not lessen the interest of others in what Rotary might say by talking much or often. They were generally remarked for two qualities:

Rotary was one of the truly international bodies represented; and its spokesmen consistently did not commit Rotary to any phase of the Charter beyond the safeguarding of peace.

More than once it was a quiet word from Past President Walter D. Head, or a question from Luther H. Hodges, or a sequence of questions from J. Raymond Tiffany that encouraged a clearer statement from Mr. Stettinius or another of the delegates.

Past President Tom J. Davis arrived after most of the shooting was over, and yet took rank at once with the able men and women at the table.

On three occasions it was a Rotary voice that phrased the formulas that the delegates sought. On one occasion it was a Rotary voice that called the company out of a heated discussion back to unity for the one great objective of the Charter.

Yet I may not fail to note how Rotary only fitted into a general pattern of teamwork. A Lutheran clergyman, Dr. O. Frederick Nolde; a lawyer, President David A. Simmons of the American Bar Association; Dr. Helen Reid, of the American Association of University Women; above all others, Dr. James T. Shotwell, director of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace—here were leaders competent for any situation, inspiring, terse, level headed. And there were many others.

It was good to serve humbly in such a company for such a cause.

Com as Sketched by Derso and Kelen



STRUTHERS
Paris, Illinois
Secretary, RI

TOM J. DAVIS
Butte, Montana
Past President, RI

CHARLES L. WHEELER
San Francisco, California
Past President, RI

ALLEN D. ALBERT
Paris, Illinois
Past President, RI

LUTHER H. HODGES
New York, New York
Chairman, RI Postwar Committee

LELAND D. CASE
Chicago, Illinois
Editor, "The Rotarian"

John T. Frederick Speaking of



BOOKS

for Summer Reading

LET'S TACK up a new shelf in the corner of the cabin this month, for a little vacation reading. We won't make it a long shelf, but we'll stock it with new books and include among them something for pretty nearly every taste—in fiction at least, for stories seem most appropriate for our purpose.

There's one new novel that I think would hold especial meaning and interest for a great many Rotarians: *The Townsman*, by John Sedges. The title is unusually accurate, for it's the story of a town and the story of a man—a man who helped to build a town. He isn't a famous man; he never gets to be known outside his own town and the country around it. He considers himself a very ordinary man, with no special powers or gifts, and perhaps he is. But his town is the kind of town it is because he has lived there, and worked for the town and all the people in it as well as for himself. His life was largely lived before the days of Rotary—but I think he was a good Rotarian just the same.

The story of *The Townsman* begins in England, with a fine and sympathetic picture of the village of Dentwater, near the Irish Sea, and of a poor family there, held together and kept alive on a bit of rented land by the labor of a boy in his teens, while the restless, ne'er-do-well father has gone to America. The book is the story of the life of this boy, Jonathan Goodliffe, and of the town he helps to build in the New World. The book calls the town "Median," Kansas. I don't think you'll find a "Median" on the map, but if you know Kansas or the Middle West, you know towns like Median, plenty of them. Clyde Goodliffe brings his family there from England ahead

of the railroad, ahead of any kind of road, when permanent settlement is just beginning, when there is nothing but a dirt-floored soddy for shelter in place of the neat cottage in England. The mother, Mary Goodliffe, makes a home of the soddy, though her heart is ever turning back to England. But in a little while the roots she is striking in the new land are torn up as her restless husband strikes West again.

Jonathan refuses to go. He believes in Median, believes his life belongs there. He starts the first school, plants the first trees, dreams and plans and labors. The years that follow are made dramatic by many factors: Jonathan's tragically mistaken love for Judy Spender, the handsome daughter of a travelling evangelist; his friendship with the brilliant young Southern lawyer Evan Bayne, and ultimate betrayal; his fruitful interest in the extraordinary promise of one of the children of Median's only Negro family. All these are elements similar to those to be found in many novels; and though they are well handled, and you'll find *The Townsman* interesting and frequently absorbing because of them, they are not its chief merit.

It is in the story of the town itself that this novel is unique. Step by step we see Median grow and change—and always in terms of the human vision and effort that make it grow and change. We don't feel that we're being told about Median and what happens between the time of six families and that of 6,000 people. We're there, having a hand in it. And it all happens in the span of a single human life—the life of Jonathan Goodliffe, "The Townsman," who enters the story as a shy, poor boy in an English village, and leaves

it at the book's end as a small merchant in a Kansas town, and yet has given to the world far more than most of those who gain wealth and fame.

Before anyone else thought of doing it, Jonathan Goodliffe planted trees in the tough prairie sod beside the streets of Median—cottonwoods first, and later hardwoods. Planting trees was a big part of town building in many parts of the American West. The founders of Reno, Nevada, did that part of their job so well that Walter Van Tilburg Clark calls the town *The City of Trembling Leaves* in the title of his new novel. But the never-quiet poplars are more than a part of the background in this novel, more than a part of the rich and memorable picture of the city of Reno which we gain from its pages. They are a symbol of the restless, aspiring life of the artist, and of the changefulness of all human life against the permanence of mountains and lakes and deserts.

LIKE *The Townsman*, *The City of Trembling Trees* begins with a shy boy in his early teens, in a poor family. But apart from these circumstances, Timothy Hazard of Reno is about as different from Jonathan Goodliffe of Dentwater and Median as a boy could be. He is talented in many ways, becomes a star athlete in high school. The book follows his story through a series of intense and sometimes tragic human relationships until he becomes a great musician.

Walter Van Tilburg Clark is one of the finest literary craftsmen now writing in America, as readers of his book *The Ox-Bow Incident* and of his short stories will agree. *The City of Trembling Leaves* is beautifully written, its prose rhythmical and figurative as befits the material. Its greatest value lies in the power of its delineations of character. Timothy's mother and father; his wholly different brother Willis; his friend Lawrence Black, who becomes a painter; various girls—Mary Turner, Rachel Wells, Marjory Hale—these are people the reader really sees, comes to know, and remembers. There are some excellent "high spots" of exciting action, too—one of them a horse

race; another, Timothy's experience in running the mile as a high-school track man.

Not everybody liked Tim Hazard, though most men and nearly all women did. Not everyone will like him in a book. But for the reader who finds kinship with this deeply emotional, imaginative, and sensitive boy, and for the reader who values precise and vivid prose and deep penetration into the ways of human minds and hearts, *The City of Trembling Leaves* is certainly the book of the season.

These are novels of youth, of growth and development—*The Townsman* and *The City of Trembling Leaves*. Robert Molloy's *Pride's Way* is a story of old age and decay. Even the city which is the story's scene is old. I've never visited Charleston, though that South Carolina city is one of the places in my country that I'd most like to see. But if I should go there one of these times, I wouldn't see the Charleston of Robert Molloy's novel, for it is the city of the early years of this century and of an aristocracy impoverished but still as proud as ever. Specifically it is the story of two old ladies, the sisters Gerard; Miss Julie and Miss Tessie, they are called, though both are widows; as remarkable a pair as I've found in fiction (or in real life) for many a day. You wouldn't think that their quarrel about the possession of a daguerreotype, their making up and quarrelling again, and the complications they make in the life of Henry O'Donnell, the socially ambitious young businessman who has married into the Gerard family, and in the lives of his entirely normal and likable children, would make interesting reading. But it does.

Mr. Molloy writes of old age with exceptional sympathy and insight. His old ladies are genuine, utterly individual, and the things that seem important to them—though they are fantastic enough—are made real and exciting to the reader too. There's a fine vein of humor in this book, a humor that is robust and sharp and yet never unkind.

I suppose only a native of Charleston is entitled to comment on the rich and vivid background of the city's life which this book

presents (Mr. Molloy left there when he was 13; but most of us could write better books about our childhood homes than about where we live now, couldn't we?). But any reader has a right to say that Miss Tessie and Miss Julie are creations that any novelist could be proud of, and their story—unassumingly and sometimes a little stiffly told—is a thoroughly enjoyable piece of reading, with a generous margin of meaning in its illuminating of the ways and problems of old age.

HISTORICAL romance is a pretty good kind of fiction for vacation reading. It's good for any time when it's as well written, as sound both as fiction and as history, as *Commodore Hornblower*, by C. S. Forester. It is refreshing, clean as a sea wind, and as workmanlike as a well-sailed ship.

I can't say so much for another historical romance, *The Wine of San Lorenzo*, by Herbert Gorman. The border wars between Texas and Mexico, culminating in the invasion of Mexico by the armies of Taylor and Scott in 1846, afford the historical background for this book. The historical background is put in in large gobs, some of it in conversations so artificial that even Cooper would have been ashamed of them. The book is best when it stays closest to actual history: the pictures of Zachary Taylor and Santa Anna are clear and just, and the account of the fall of the Alamo is impressive.

To round out our little shelf of vacation reading, here's a real find for the murder-mystery fan: *Chi-*

cago Murders, by Elizabeth Bullock and others, edited by Sewell Peaslee Wright. The mysteries in this book aren't the cooked-up fabrications of some writer's imagination, but the real mysteries of human conduct, as fantastic as anything the most active imagination could construct. Seven writers have told the stories of seven of the most dramatic and puzzling murders in the history of Chicago—have told them impartially, with thorough research and careful consideration, and with skill and vitality that make for really fascinating reading. The murders treated range from the all but incredible achievements of Dr. Neill Cream in the 1880s, brilliantly recounted by Vincent Starrett, to the Wynekoop case of 1933 and the Peacock case of 1936, reported respectively by Craig Rice and Leroy F. McHugh. This book is the second in a "Regional Murder Series."

Books mentioned, publishers, and prices. *The Townsman*, John Sedges (John Day, \$2.75).—*The City of Trembling Leaves*, Walter Van Tilburg Clark (Random House, \$3).—*Pride's Way*, Robert Molloy (Macmillan, \$2.75).—*Commodore Hornblower*, C. S. Forester (Little, Brown, \$2.50).—*The Wine of San Lorenzo*, Herbert Gorman (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3).—*Chicago Murders*, edited by Sewell Peaslee Wright (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.75).



ADDITIONS to the vacation reading shelf—"something for pretty nearly every taste."

Young ILLITERATES of the Highway

They're the youngsters who, due to war, aren't learning to drive. Training them now will save lives tomorrow

By Amos E. Neyhart

*Road Training Consultant
and Public Safety Expert*

THE YOUNG soldier is home from the wars for good and is out for a walk with his girl. They are talking, for all we know, about orange blossoms and a little gray home in the western suburbs. Just now they are crossing a street, a "teeming traffic artery." They look this way and that, but as they do, a car—it was a gray sedan; no, it was a black coupé—whips in from nowhere. Out shoots the soldier's hand, shoving the girl to safety. In the same second, however, the soldier himself sails 40 feet down the pavement, and lands in a motionless heap. The inquest will be held at 10 o'clock the next morning. The police are pressing their search for the "death car."

That is a true story. Perhaps you read it, as I did, in recent newspapers. Yet it is merely the old, old story . . . with a new wartime cast. It is but one of the many tragic dramas in which, since Pearl Harbor, more than 100,000 persons have met death and 4 million injury on the highways of the United States alone. One hundred thousand persons dead—that is like wiping out seven divisions of an army!

If such things can happen now in these days of lighter traffic and lower speeds, what can we expect of that day when thousands

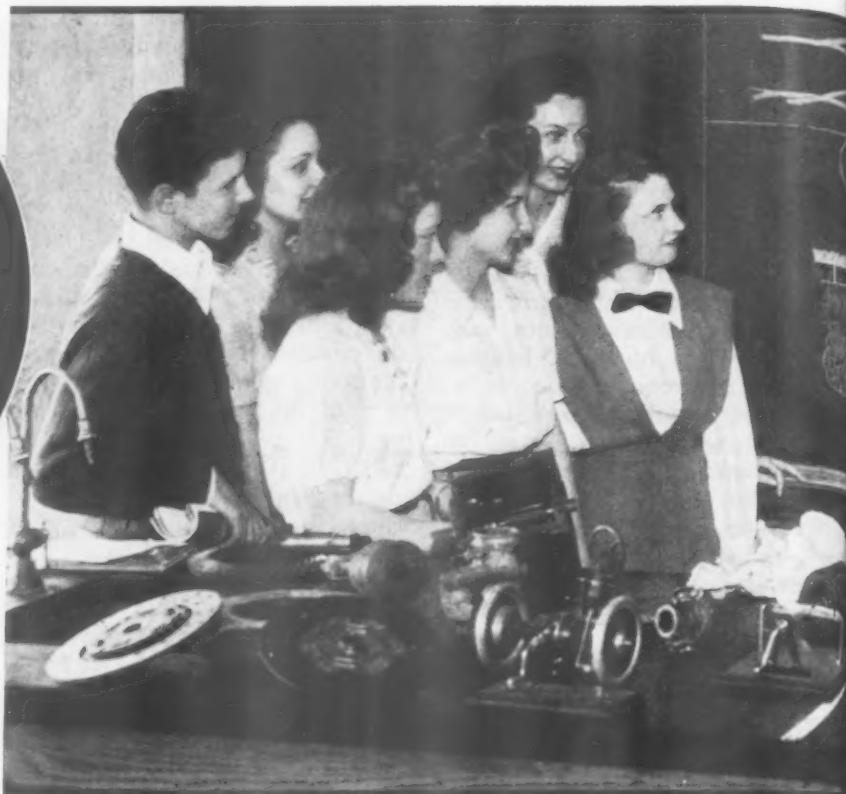


Photo: American Automobile Assn.

TODAY'S lesson in this driver education and training class in a Cleveland, Ohio, high school is on left turns at intersections. Teamwork by the local board of education and an automobile club has kept such courses operating in all Cleveland high schools since 1938.

of old cars come down off their storage blocks, when millions of new cars glide off reconverted assembly lines, and when gas flows and tires roll in greater abundance than ever?

We shudder at the potential destruction in that scene. But shuddering isn't very practical. Someone has said that the only wheel which man has not mastered is the steering wheel. *There* is our cue: to *master* that wheel. We can design better motorcars, engineer safer highways, and pass wiser laws until we are blue in the face, but unless we can put Intelligence in the driver's seat, we shall in postwar years see such records as that of 1941—39,969 traffic deaths in the United States—pale into ridiculous insignificance.

I submit that we *can* do it. If we go to work now on the generation in slacks and bobby socks, and on the generations following it, we shall sooner and at less cost than you think evolve a race of drivers that knows traffic accidents only as a red page in automotive history. Youth, I hold, is our best bet in our bid for motor-

ing safety. And yet, as things stand, it is our weakest suit.

One night last Summer in a metropolitan hotel room a group of highway safety experts were taking some deserved ease after a busy conference on wartime traffic safety. During a lull in the talk, one of the men spoke up:

"Fellows," he said, "all of us here eat, sleep, and dream automobile problems, but I want to ask a question. A number of you, I know, have children in their late teens. Now—how many of those kids know how to drive a car; how many are getting real driving experience?"

IN THOSE days not long gone when Dad used to take Bud and Sis out on the river road for a Sunday-afternoon driving lesson, the question would have been absurd. That night it provoked serious answers.

"My 16-year-old daughter is crazy to learn to drive," replied one of the experts. "But I haven't the gas, tires, or time to spend on giving her lessons."

"When I was my boy's age—



to say the least. We need not deplore its disappearance too loudly.

"2. The Army has trained the largest staff of 'crack' drivers—and by that I mean competent, cool, and courteous drivers—ever assembled. Demobilized, they will raise highway driving standards a long notch higher.

"3. Something like a half million teen-aged American boys and girls are learning to drive—and to drive intelligently—in high-school training courses. And there's the brightest spot in the picture."

The speaker had unloaded quite a piece of his mind. Now all he had to do was prove what he had said—and that went something like the rest of this article.

Youngsters don't just naturally

drivers in the age group 16 to 25—and also point out the exact nature of its solution: the development in that age group of desirable attitudes necessary to efficient use of cars on our streets and highways.

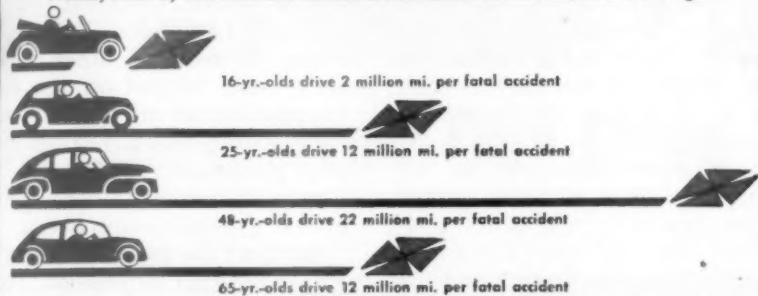
"That's lovely," you say, "but just *how* and *where* are you going to develop those 'desirable attitudes?' Please be realistic!" Well, how better and where better than in thorough, practical driver-education and training courses in the public-school system? For our schools, someone has said, are institutions for converting possible social liabilities into social assets. As the foregoing figures proclaim, untrained youth in the driver's seat is distinctly a social liability. Schools teach small children safe pedestrian practices. Through diligent classroom instruction and school safety patrols, they have lowered the death rate in the group aged 5 to 9 by 40 percent in a little more than a decade in the United States. Cannot schools, then, also teach the adolescent boy and girl safe-driving habits?

Back in 1934 a group of us at the Pennsylvania State College got the notion they could. Plunging neckdeep into the question of what makes safe drivers, we essayed to soak up by experiment, practice, and research all possible answers to it, and then to come out with a plan for making good drivers out of irresponsible young people. At last we had the plan, but it needed proof. Rounding up 24 boys and girls of State College High School, we taught them good-driving theory on blackboards, mechanics on a knocked-down automobile, and actual driving practice in an ordinary, rather shabby passenger car. After 20 hours in the classroom and 32 hours behind the wheel—eight of them behind the wheel for each pupil—we asked the State motor vehicle commissioner to give them an extra-stiff driver's license examination. They went through it as expertly as if it had been a chocolate malted.

The National Safety Council had been quietly watching. So had the American Automobile Association. So had a few educators around the country. And so had the State College Rotary Club,

Age and the Driver

A study made by the American Automobile Association shows that, on the average—



he's 17—" said another, "I had put 10,000 miles on my own 'Model T.' Jim, poor kid, hasn't driven more than 100 miles—and that badly."

And so it went right around the room, and what the talk shook down to was this: "We are raising, through force of wartime circumstance, a generation of youngsters who do not know how to drive. They are motor illiterates. The feel of the wheel, the ability to knock down and reassemble a flivver in an afternoon—these traditional attributes of American youth have been all but lost in a few brief years." The crowd looked glum. It was time for a counteractive, and one in the group took it upon himself to supply it.

"We overlook three things, gentlemen," he ventured:

"1. The old hit-or-miss system of driving instruction Dad used to offer or that boys and girls just 'sorta picked up' was inadequate,

make good drivers. They don't, that is, when they learn driving only in the school of hard knocks to your car and mine. A recent study by the American Automobile Association reveals [see chart above] that 16-year-olds had a driving record more than 11 times worse, in terms of fatalities, than persons 48 years old, who had the best record.

Why? Well, for all their bounding vigor, clear eyes, and quick reflexes, youngsters lack those attitudes of respect and consideration for others which responsibility brings. They lack judgment—but by the time they have reached age 45 to 50 they have acquired a high degree of it and are still in fair physical condition. At that age, however, physical deterioration has set in and, as drivers, their performance begins to fall off.

Those figures put a sharp finger on the exact location of our highway-accident problem—beginning

which had helped us through some financial narrows. Out of this initial interest in our little experiment there grew gradually and then abruptly a movement which since then has planted driver education and training courses in some 7,500 high schools throughout the United States.

Uncle Sam had heard about those courses, somehow, and when in 1941 he was obliged to hitch up his belt and go to war, he said, "Let's have more of 'em. I'm going to need crack drivers for about 400,000 Army vehicles. You high-school people—you can help give 'em to me." Thus, throughout the country began a program of pre-induction driver education, officially sponsored by the War Department, which is still turning out thousands of highly trained 17- and 18-year-old drivers. And the people who have put that program over are pretty largely the same quiet men and women who are teaching those driver education and training courses in the 7,500 high schools I mentioned.

Sportsmanship is a quality by which youth sets great store—and that's why the American Automobile Association calls the five textbooks and teacher's manual it turned out for that course the "Sportsmanlike Driving Series."

kind of vision, color, depth, glare, grip, and hearing test, has demonstrated on blackboards and with toy models almost every demonstrable motoring situation, has led it through a complete and understandable study of everything from the driver's reaction time to his responsibilities before the law. Today it happens, the class begins its actual road training. Splitting up into groups of four, each four-some with its own instructor, the youngsters climb into automobiles, each of which is equipped with dual controls. These aren't custom-built, costly automobiles. They are ordinary cars, belonging to faculty members who allowed the dual controls to be installed.

Now out on a little-used stretch of pavement marked off with diagonal and horizontal parking stripes and studded with what we call "stanchions"—flag-topped staffs representing other automobiles—the boys and girls learn to start, stop, back up, park, signal, and so on and on. On later days come longer drives in real traffic and on open highways, the instructor ready at all times to step on his own brake and clutch pedals and take the wheel if it's necessary. On all these training trips three other learning drivers ride in the back seat—a challenge to

But is it all worth the while? Richard Eisenman at Penn State has compared the driving records of two groups of 250 high-school-age drivers. One group had received driver training, the other had not. The untrained group showed 13 accidents, in nine cases of which the driver was declared legally at fault. Eleven persons were injured in the 13 accidents.

During the same period, the trained group showed only five accidents, no injuries, and only two trained drivers were held legally responsible.

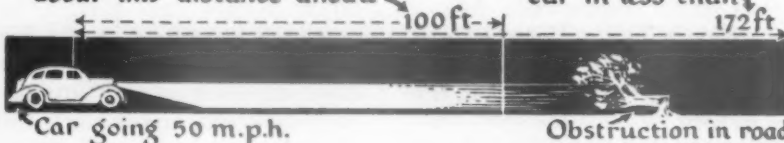
But isn't the course costly? It has been estimated that the average cost is less than \$5 a pupil for both the classroom and road instruction—exclusive of the teacher's salary. Not unduly expensive, certainly, as compared with other educational costs. In some cases schools have absorbed all expenses. In others, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and other service clubs have helped on the costs. Parent-Teacher groups and American Legion posts have paid insurance premiums; auto dealers and service-station operators have furnished gas and maintenance.

But isn't the job about done? If I have left that impression, I have gravely misled you. There are in the United States, to say nothing of other motorized nations, 25,000 high schools—not just the 7,500 to which I have alluded. All together, the 25,000 graduate 1½ million pupils each year. Every one of them will be a pedestrian, at least one million of them will be drivers—training or no training. What kind of pedestrians and what kind of drivers they are to be is pretty largely in the hands of people older and wiser than they are—people and groups like their parents, their school board, and yes, their local Rotary Club.

Don't misunderstand me, you who hold that education has already departed too far from what you call the fundamentals. I would not, could I help it, steal a second from youth's pursuit of art and algebra to teach it safer driving. I only say that young Bill can't really enjoy much art and algebra after that night at the Yipee Tavern when he gets the old crate up to 82 and doesn't see the crossing gates down.

Seeing Isn't Stopping

A driver can see clearly only **BUT** he cannot stop his car in less than



Car going 50 m.p.h.

From Sportsmanlike Driving © American Automobile Assn.

The change it works on the young mind is wonderful to behold. The fair high-school damsel who once got a "big bang" out of Bob's two-wheel corners now holds that kind of driving in greater contempt than fist fights in school rooms.

The class—any one of these classes anywhere, let's say—has met two periods each week for four months. So far, its specially selected and specially trained teacher has given it every known

the youth at the wheel to prove himself in the eyes of his peers. And the whole carload, by the way, is amply insured. At last there comes the day—the class will run just one semester and each pupil will chalk up eight hours behind the wheel and 24 hours of observation in the car—when the sober young driver "solos," and until that vague tomorrow when he can solo a helicopter, few days will outshine it.

"... She had learned several dozen nursery rhymes. At 15 months she could rattle off 99 of these ditties."

Illustrations by
Wm. Aubrey Gray



We Committed Our Child

By A Father

Life hands parents no harder problem than the one it dealt this couple. Did they, they ask, face it well?

OUR DREAMS came true when Mary Lou arrived. The story had followed the familiar pattern—the long months of eager waiting, the many discussions of a name, then the anxious ride to the hospital, and at last her birth—a baby girl equipped with the usual complement of legs, arms, ears, and eyes.

Here was what the doctors called a 100 percent baby. Our little worries—and what parents-to-be do not have them?—had been for nothing. Our child was perfect.

Soon we brought Mary Lou home, and then began those tiring but happy days and nights of feeding, floor walking, and diaper washing. Together my wife and I shared the weariness as well as the joy. At more or less the prescribed times, our little girl began smiling, grasping things, and sitting up, but we, of course, regarded her as something out of the ordinary. Her sparkling blue

eyes, blonde curls, and solid chubbiness completely bewitched us.

My wife, formerly a social worker, kept a "case history." Into the record went the dates of the first "roll-over," the first tooth, and countless other important events. The most startling development was Mary Lou's first word, "rabbit," spoken the day she was seven months old, as she squeezed her rubber toy.

She spent hours each day looking at a set of children's books, and by the time she was a year old she had learned several dozen nursery rhymes. At 15 months she could rattle off 99 of these ditties. Beauty plus brains!

By that time another baby was on the way, for we believed that she should have a companion. Those were happy months as we planned for the second child and tried to prepare Mary Lou for the newcomer, but then came a cloud. One evening when Mary Lou was

20 months old, she became violently ill, having shown signs of only a slight cold. Developing a high fever, she was lethargic and "loppy" for three days. We were frantic. The doctor prescribed rest, and Mary Lou, who loved her bed, co-operated nicely. Within a few days she was trotting about again.

It wasn't like old times, however for she tired quickly and was nervous and touchy. She seemed on occasion to be "out of this world" and was upset more and more often by the books that previously had brought hours of delight.

By the time our boy was born, three months later, we were deeply worried. Mary Lou's nervousness increased; she went into screaming spells with no apparent cause, cast aside her books and toys, gradually stopped talking, became choosy about her foods, and refused to feed herself.

Meanwhile, the doctor told us

that there was nothing basically wrong with Mary Lou, that she was a healthy child, and that we—"nervous parents"—were to blame for her condition. We studied ourselves. Could her condition stem from resentment over the attention necessarily given to the second baby? How we had striven to avoid that! Eventually we consulted a neurologist, who suggested that we place Mary Lou in a children's clinic. We did so. After two weeks of observation and a brain X ray, the doctors decided that Mary Lou had a hopeless brain condition and recommended that for our own good and the welfare of the two children we place her in an institution.

There was and still is disagreement as to whether a congenital brain defect or sleeping sickness, encephalitis, was the cause. We leaned to the latter theory, because we couldn't conceive of a child with a malformed brain being so bright as she had been. But no matter now; in either case her chances for recovery were negligible, only one chance in a million, the doctors said.

What to do? After days and nights of discussion we concluded there were four possible steps:

1. Keep Mary Lou at home.
2. Place her with some relative or friend willing to assume the burden of her care.
3. Place her in a private institution.
4. Place her in a State institution.

In theory there is a fifth way of handling such a problem—euthanasia, putting the unfortunate person out of his or her misery. At times we, too, felt that death for Mary Lou would be better than life with such a handicap, but we knew also that deficiency is a matter of degree, that many of those mentally deficient can live useful lives within their limitations and within an environment adapted to those limitations. No, euthanasia was no answer, even in theory. The very idea of a "death sentence" now seemed senseless and abominable, not to say illegal.

"Shall we try to keep Mary Lou at home?" we asked ourselves. If we did, we should have to curtail normal family activities, to make the environment as simple as pos-

sible, for, as is typical in such cases, Mary Lou became frantic over the bustle of the simplest household tasks. We knew, too, that we would have to devote the major part of our time to her, leaving her little brother to develop as best he could. We felt that he already had been neglected.

Also, having witnessed the ridicule and ill treatment which residents of our home town turned on the "village half-wit" and his family, we understood what keeping her with us would mean to our family.

We decided we must look further, in justice to Mary Lou, her brother, ourselves, and the community.

The second possible step—placing Mary Lou in the home of a friend or relative—we ruled out immediately. How could we subject the life of another family to a distortion we wanted to avoid in our own?

And thus we came to the doctors' conclusion—commitment to an institution. The word was abhorrent to us at first, for it denoted a sort of prison in which unfortunates are placed out of society's sight. But as we inquired into the nature of institutions in our State,



"WE WERE greatly heartened by the appearance. It resembled a college campus."

we found them offering a quality of care average parents would be hard put to provide. They have nursery schools for children capable of profiting by them and elementary schools for those able to go further. Handicraft projects, print shops, repair shops, gardens, and farm work give older patients an opportunity to be useful and happy.

Putting Mary Lou in the care of

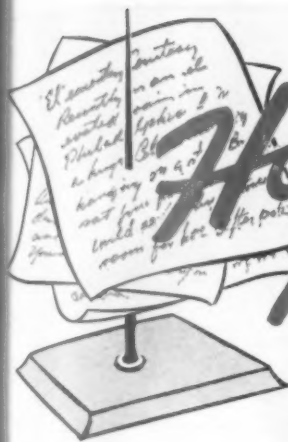
a private hospital appealed to us more than sending her to one operated by the State, but investigation revealed that the cost would be high, not completely beyond reach, but certainly high enough so that we would be unable to finance the kind of education we would like to give our boy. He, after all, was the child who had the potentialities.

So it was that we decided in favor of a State hospital. Taking Mary Lou to it was a heartbreaking experience, but we were fortified with the conviction that in this move lay the sole hope for happiness for all four of us. And we were greatly heartened by the appearance of the place. It resembled a college campus, with pretty brick buildings set amid sweeping grounds. There were no walls, no guards. Patients strolled, played, or rested outside their homelike cottages. In this community, we saw also, there were no thoughtless neighbors gossiping about the unfortunates and jeering at them and their families.

The reception was kind, almost completely devoid of red tape. The newcomer was regarded as a patient rather than a prisoner, and the doctors, nurses—in fact, the entire personnel—proved specially trained to bring out whatever abilities he or she might have. The parents were treated as persons who would continue to be interested, who would contribute toward clothing and medical costs, and who would be informed regularly on the condition and progress of the patient.

More than a year has passed since that day. We have kept in close touch with the hospital by mail and telephone and have made the 100-mile trip to visit our daughter at least once a month. The simple routine of good food, sunshine, and fresh air have done wonders for Mary Lou's physical health. She is calmer and again is feeding herself. We still do not know what potentialities Mary Lou possesses, but we feel confident that whatever they are, the skilled, hard-working staff will labor earnestly to develop them.

And so tragedy came into a family that barely knew the word. We think, we *pray*, we have faced it wisely.



Home Front Memos

(CONTINUED)

Courtesy lives on, war or no war—and here is further testimony to prove it. Have you a similar story? If so, send it in; if used, it will net you a \$5 war savings stamp.—Eds.

El'ementary Courtesy

Recently on an elevated train in Philadelphia I noticed a huge colored "mammy" hanging on a strap. Before her sat four people who could easily have made room for her. After waiting patiently for them to do so, she politely asked them to move together. They ignored her request. Angered, she *demanded* a seat and got it. But instead of sitting down, she gently called to an aged white woman standing at the end of the car to come and have a seat. You could have bought those seated riders for a cent apiece.—R. E. Wood, Media, Pennsylvania.

Three Graces

Flying to the hospital bed of a brother home from three years of war in the Pacific, I arrived one recent night in Sacramento. I had no place to stay. While awaiting use of a drugstore phone booth to call the USO for room information, I related my problem to the fountain girl. Immediately she offered to take me home with her. So did an elderly woman who had overheard our conversation. The USO, however, referred me to a private home. There a motherly woman showed me to a room which looked like a dream after our spartan Army barracks. Next morning, after a perfect night's rest, I discovered my hostess had given me her own bedroom and had herself slept on a day bed. To my remonstrations she replied that it was simply her custom to make her room available to a service person every Saturday night. Sacramento has no finer advertising than those three women: the

fountain girl and the old lady no less than my comfort-sacrificing hostess.—PRIVATE RUTH WAMPLER, Pasadena, California.

A Little on a Debt

It happened in a variety shop specializing in patriotic goods in a "foreign" section of Cleveland. I had come to exchange a flag—a transaction later completed to my distinct advantage and over my protest. "I come out even sometime," the cheerful proprietor remarked. But what really endeared the shopkeeper to me was this: As I awaited my turn, a woman who had preceded me into the store selected an item from a counterful of military insignia and handed it to the man. Wrapping it and replacing it in her hands, the shopkeeper insistently refused payment for it. As the woman departed, he turned to me and said: "I can't take that kind of money . . . not for a gold star. He was her only boy."—MRS. E. C. ARNDTS, Shaker Heights, Ohio.

Pound on the Pound

To assure myself money for furloughs during my tour of duty in England, I kept an account at the Post Office Savings Bank. I had just withdrawn a few pounds one day and was a block away from the Post Office when I heard someone call, "Yank!" Since there were no other Americans about, I turned around and there was the man who had waited on me. "All out" from running after me, he explained that I had left a pound (\$4) behind and that he had hurried out to catch me, but had first gone a block in the wrong direc-

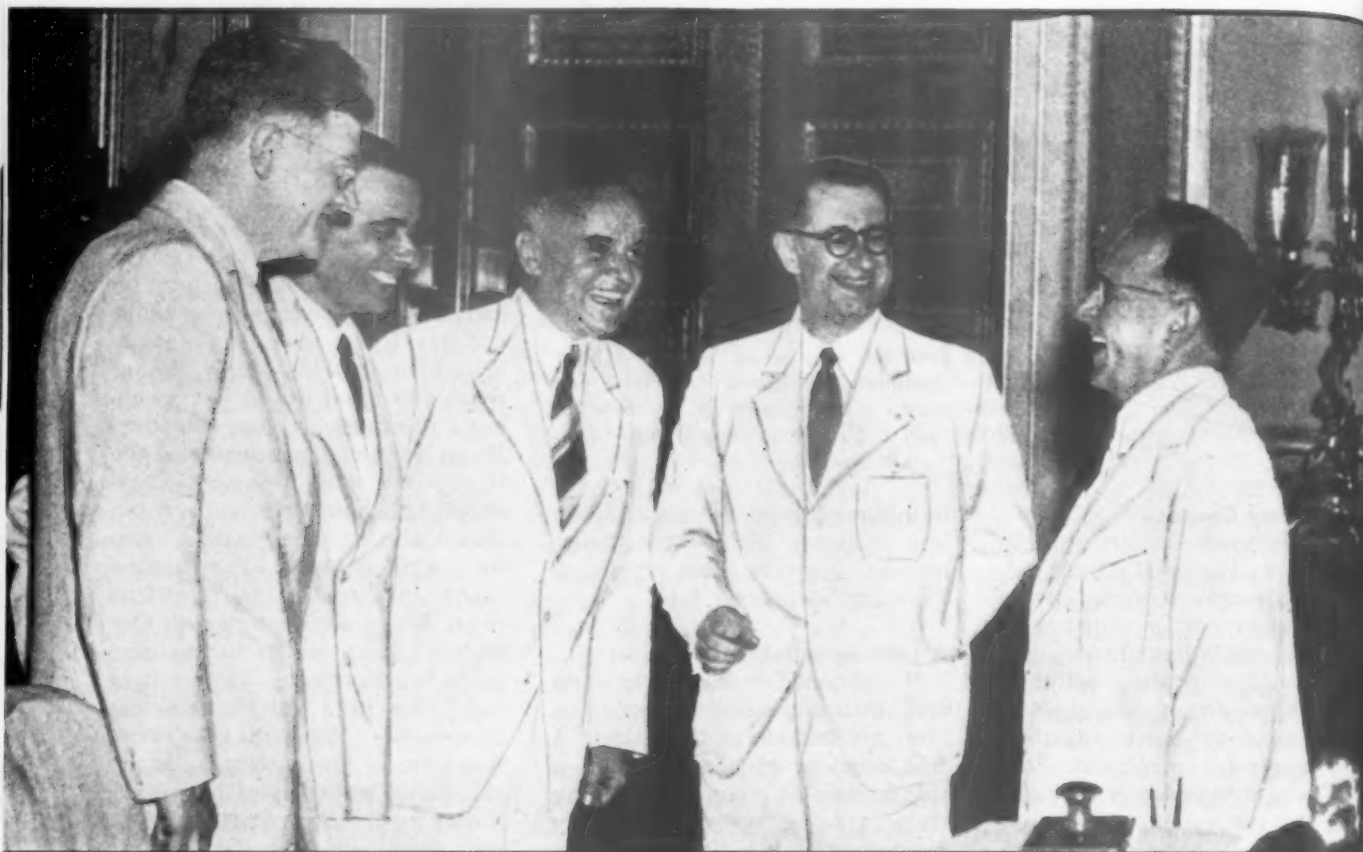
tion. That was courtesy with a capital C. It was typical of the friendly helpfulness I experienced at every turn in England.—T/5 MITCHELL KUCHARSKY, Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas.

Happily Ever After

A girl and her mother were en route from the North to a certain town in Georgia, the girl to be married to an air cadet who could not get leave from his station. Where to stay once they should reach the town was a worry: no hotel reservations were available. By a long-distance call to the town's one hotel, a Savannah Rotarian to whom they had written ahead, also tried to obtain a room for them. No luck. But then he made another call to the same town. When mother and daughter stepped down in the town, there stood the Rotarian. "Know it or not," said he, "you have friends in ———. They will take excellent care of you. Now, take my car, drive down there (150 miles!), have your wedding among friends, and then bring the car back to me." And in this day of rationed gasoline and tires, too!—T. E. ALLEN, Savannah, Georgia.

Beauty Strewer

This is the story of an elderly gentleman who gives out happiness—war or no war. He is Judge Henry C. Hammond; he lives in Augusta, Georgia; and the happiness he distributes is in the form of camellias—the loveliest flower of the Southland. In his pine grove this retired jurist has 2,000 camelia plants worth \$75,000. In January or February, when they are putting forth their waxy blooms in greatest profusion—one of his plants once produced 150 blossoms in three days—he invites all his "friends and enemies" out to feast their eyes and to help themselves. In 25 years as a camelia culturist he has given away 40,000 cuttings and plants and has never sold a one—which gains added significance from the fact that most camelia fanciers guard their secrets so jealously that they even cut blossom stems extra short so that no one can possibly start a plant from them.—PORTER W. CARSWELL, Waynesboro, Georgia.

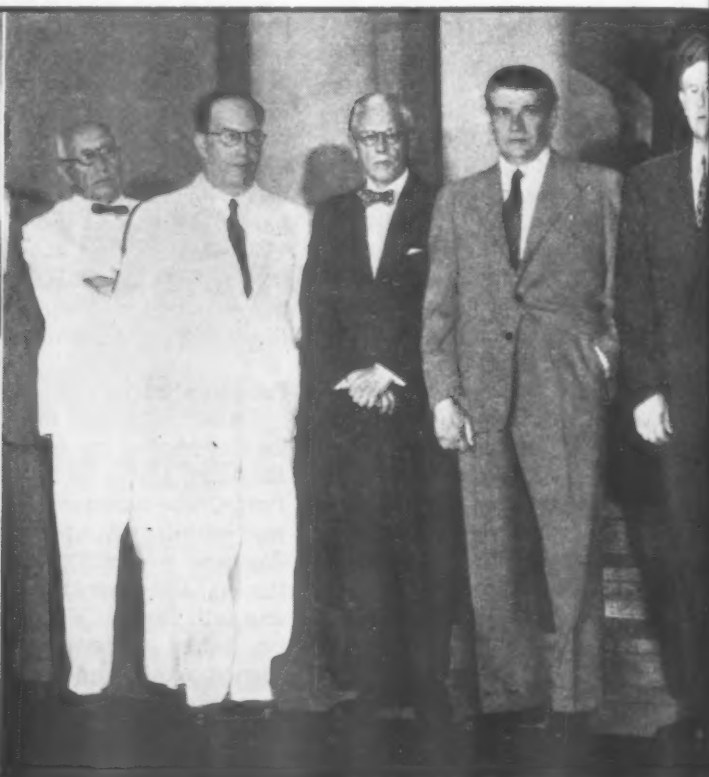


CORDIALLY received by heads of many Ibero-American nations, President Wells is seen here in audience with Getulio Vargas, President of Brazil, in Rio de Janeiro. In the group are (left to right) President Wells; José Manoel Fernandes, a Past District Governor and local Rotarian; José

Garcia Pacheco de Aragão, then President of the Rio de Janeiro Club; F. de Barros Barreto, a prominent jurist and local Rotarian; and Getulio Vargas. Smiling, President Vargas quipped that it was Rotary's President should head so many nations for but one



IN LIMA, Peru, President Wells holds a decoration—the Order of the Sun in the grade of comendador—which Manuel C. Gallagher, Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs (right), presented to him.



IN MONTEVIDEO President Wells calls on the President of Uruguay, Juan Zaza (second from right). With them are Past International Vice-President, Past Governor Almeida Pintos, United States Ambassador

New Friends for Rotary

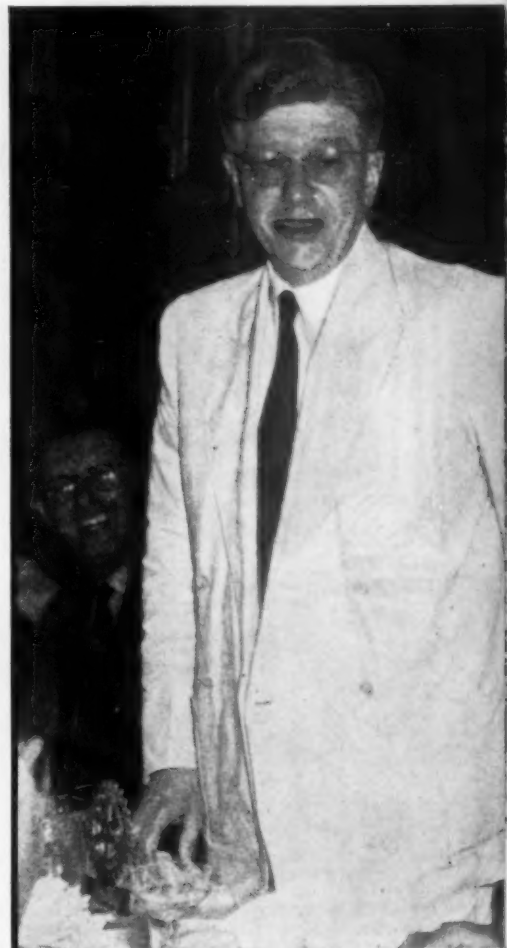
More Photos of 'Dick' Wells' Ibero-American Trip

INEXHAUSTIBLE Ambassador of "Goodwill" is the term for Richard Wells, who on June 30 stepped down from the Presidency of Rotary International. During his year, "Dick" met 96 Rotary engagements in 58 of Rotary's 142 Districts and at them addressed more than 40,000 Rotarians who represented 1,500 Rotary Clubs.

Longest of his many trips, including one to Britain, was the one through Ibero-America, which he described in THE ROTARIAN for April, 1945. But only now have many photos taken during that visit caught up with him. A selection of them is presented here as a souvenir of a year in which one man made many friends for Rotary.



WHEREVER the President went, Rotarians enveloped him in warm hospitality which—as here at Guayaquil, Ecuador—often took the form of festive dinners. At all meetings, he spoke briefly in the local tongue, having given himself a quick linguistics course beforehand. "Whether my use of the idiom was good or bad," he says, "they gave me A in effort."



to meet President Wells at Menore Rotarians and their wives from several cities of Argentina. (Right) Souvenir of a luncheon in Buenos Aires.

FLANKED by the Mayor and the President of the local Rotary Club, Rotary's President enjoys a banquet in Lima, the capital of Peru.

EL SALVADOR . . . *Small*

THAT OLD saying "Good things come in small packages" fits El Salvador to a "T"—rather, to a coffee bean.

For the tiny nation nestled between Honduras and Guatemala, along the Pacific Ocean, is the smallest yet most densely populated and intensely cultivated of the Central American republics. (In both area and population it is comparable to Maryland—13,176 square miles, 1,830,000 persons.)

In spite of its small size, El Salvador is one of the world's leading coffee producers—ranking fourth before the war caused a redoubling of efforts. A fine-quality coffee grows on the many mountain slopes which dominate the tropical terrain, producing a crop which normally represents approximately 80 percent of the total national export.

"Balsam of Peru," which grows only in a limited strip along the Pacific Ocean, really comes from El Salvador. It has always been the great natural product of the country, being used for antiseptic purposes by the natives long before colonization.

Among other leading exports are gold and silver, henequen (a type of sisal), sugar, tobacco, hides, indigo, rice, and rubber.

Although naturally agricultural, El Salvador aspires to an increasingly important industrial position. This may be realized in the future because of the dense population, the character of the people, and the important geographical location (near the Panama Canal). There are already many domestic industries, including the manufacture of shoes, leather goods, cloth, clothing, and henequen products.

In the early days the territory was the home of the Mayas, a people who inhabited approximately 150,000 square miles of Middle America—also including a part of Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras.

"Fifth column" activity is not a modern-day development, for historians point out that this technique was used in 1486, when

Ahuitzotl, the Aztec king of Mexico, prepared to invade the El Salvador region. He sent emissaries disguised as merchants to settle the land, to become spies, and to make ready for an invasion of the Aztecs. The infiltration failed to reach the full anticipated effectiveness, for six years later Columbus discovered the New World, and in 1519 Hernando Cortes swept into Mexico and conquered the Aztecs.

Five years later Cortes sent Pedro Alvarado to explore the area. A Spanish padre who accompanied the conquistadors christened the new land "El Salvador"—meaning "The Savior." The country was a part of the



A PUBLIC school in Santa Ana. Pupils taught a love for peace and appreciation of culture, problems, and ways of life of other nations.



THIS statue at the national palace in San Salvador pays tribute to Isabella, the Queen Mother of America.

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captain-generalcy of Guatemala, and although it suffered less than some of the countries under Spanish rule, its people welcomed freedom from Spain in 1821.

El Salvador joined the Central American Federation, and with the other States was briefly a part of the Empire of Mexico. The federation was later resumed for several years, then dissolved. El Salvador set up an independent government in 1841.



The first Rotary Club in El Salvador was formed in San Salvador in 1927. Others are in Santa Ana, San Miguel, and Santiago de Maria.



EL SALVADOR is the only Central American republic which doesn't have two seacoasts. Its 160-mile Pacific shoreline is thus doubly important. The republic is strategically located, 2,800 miles from San Francisco, and 3,200 from New York, via the Panama Canal.

Map by Ben Albert Benson



A cathedral under construction in Santa Tecla. El Salvador is comparatively modern, with ranking among the best in Central America.



THIS sanitary-clinic scene in Santa Tecla emphasizes the importance of public health in El Salvador life.

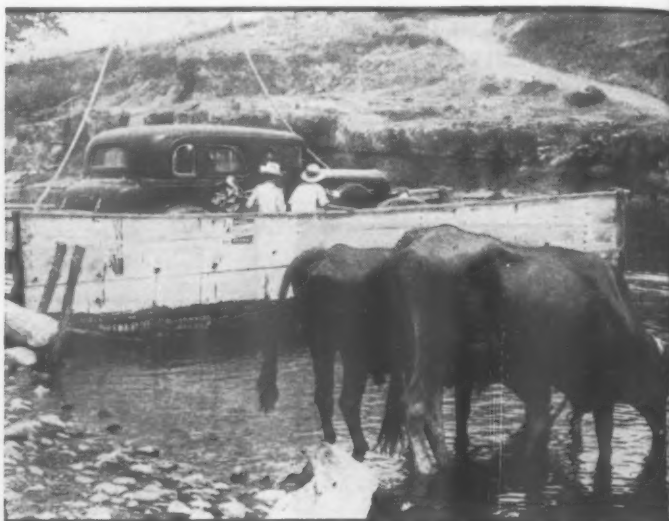
Photos (pp. 24 to 27): C.I.A.A., Paul's, SUGAR, INDIGO, TOBACCO, BALSAM, COTTON, GRAIN, FISH, CERAMICS, GOLD



COFFEE is tasted and graded by experts at this circular table in San Salvador. . . . (Below) Henequen twine is exported, and used to tie coffee bags—long the leading product of tiny El Salvador.



FIFTY percent of the population is of mixed blood; 40 percent is Indian, 10 percent is white. Left, a mill worker (mixed); right, a farm woman (Indian).



A FERRYBOAT crosses the Lempa River at El Tule. Largest of some 360 boats which interlace El Salvador, the Lempa is navigable only for short distances.



INDIANS of El Salvador have practiced the art of weaving for many centuries and have carried it to a high point of development. Conquistadors were amazed to find natives tastefully attired in cotton clothing—both white and colored.



INDIGENES, photographed on the street. Left, a musician pauses before tuning up a tune; right, a curbstone hardware merchant in a gay sombrero.



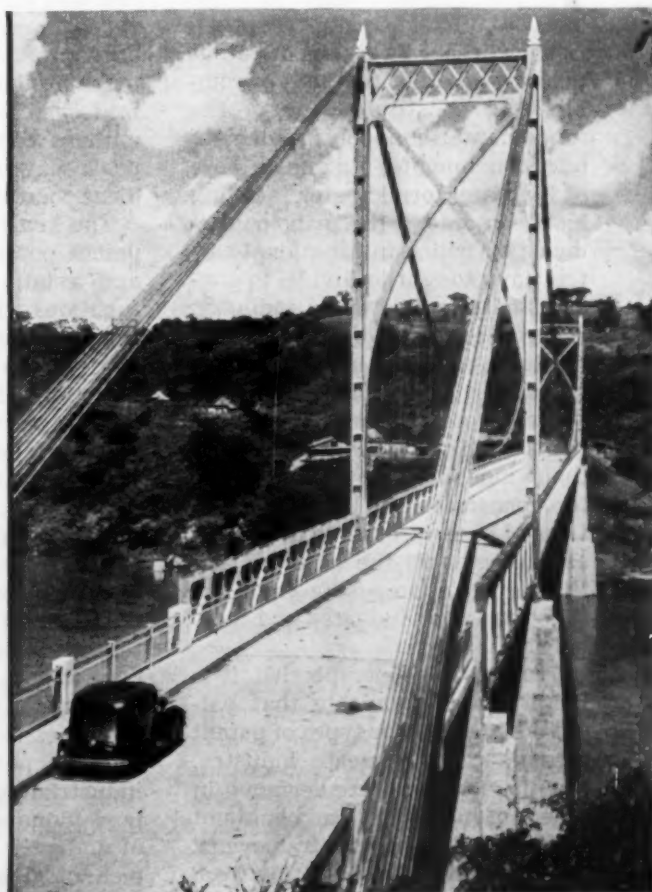
PLANES have opened new opportunities in El Salvador, as in other Central American republics. Above, a transport is being serviced in San Salvador.



BAGS in the making—from native henequen twine. Other domestic products include the manufacture of hammocks, textiles (especially silks), shoes, cigars, cigarettes, sugar, and useful articles made of iron.



VOLCANOES and earthquakes are common. San Salvador is often called the "Tin-Plate Capital" because its buildings have heavy tin roofs for protection. . . . (Below) A Pan American Highway bridge.





GUTENBERG
PRINTING
1440



WATT
STEAM ENGINE
1765



WHITNEY
COTTON GIN
1793



FULTON
STEAMBOAT
1807



SHOLES
TYPEWRITER
1868



BELL
TELEPHONE
1876

Patent Pool Monopolies?

The debate-of-the-month on an issue widely discussed in the United States and widely watched in a world that is striving to turn science to the best account.—Editors.

1. They Stifle Trade, Retard Invention

By **Wendell Berge**

*Assistant Attorney General
of the United States*

THE ABUSE of patent aggregations, whether by means of patent pools or by other methods of combination, constitutes one of the fundamental monopoly problems in our economic life. In one or more of its many forms, patent pooling has been among the principal vehicles by which international cartels have sought to divide, to govern, and to police world industry. A large majority of both the domestic monopolies and international cartels against which the United States Department of Justice has taken action have built their monopoly structures upon the cornerstone of large aggregations of patents, or have made patent agreements the occasion and the means of imposing trade restrictions upon industry and technology.

From a broad perspective, it is readily understandable that patent pools and other types of patent consolidation permeate industry. Our patent laws were designed in an era of handicraft and could not include within their framework the transformation resulting from

the Industrial Revolution. Today a particular patent can seldom cover more than a fractional part of an entire process of production, or be more than a single link in the intricate pattern of our economy. Hence, patent pools originate in an attempt to find a working compromise between the patent system and the industrial realities of our complex modern world. To overcome patent deadlocks, to make production under a mechanized system of industry possible without constant friction, patent pools may be created as an expedient solution.

The law has little quarrel with patent pools fulfilling such direct and relatively simple technical functions. It is obvious, however, that the dangers of monopoly abuse of pooling are numerous and tempting. It is at this point that the antitrust laws come into play. It is completely clear that while a patent grants a limited monopoly in a legal manner, any attempt to extend the monopoly scope of the patent is contrary to the law. It is equally inconsistent with both the purpose of the patent system and the provisions of the antitrust laws to seek to multiply the monopoly scope of one patent by adding others.

When powerful groups in the industrial scene endeavor to impose monopoly upon whole areas of industry and whole fields of technology by "piling patent upon

patent," it is not only illegal, but inimical to the system of free enterprise. A single patent, when it is abused by employment in a manner contrary to law, subjects the holder to prosecution. Certainly, all consolidations of patents impose a burden upon their creators to avoid monopolistic practices. When patent pools operate to eliminate all competition within industry, to deny opportunity to new entrants into the field, to exploit consumers, or to suppress technical advancement, such misuse strikes at the roots of a free economy.

In an age in which the development of technology is rapid and extensive, pooling is the favorite stratagem of vested groups seeking to control technical progress. By accumulating huge patent structures, monopoly groups hope to control research and to govern the direction of invention. What they cannot control they seek to suppress by debarring others from coming into the field. In all too many instances the Department of Justice has discovered that patent pools are in effect designed to impose the cartel system on industry and to support private governments in their efforts to forestall competition.

In a recent case, the United States Supreme Court described the glass-container industry as follows:

"In summary, [Continued on page 54]



BELL
TELEPHONE
1876



EDISON
ELECTRIC LIGHT
1879



MARCONI DE FOREST
RADIO TELEGRAPH-TELEPHONE
1895-1906



WRIGHT BROTHERS
AIRPLANE
1903

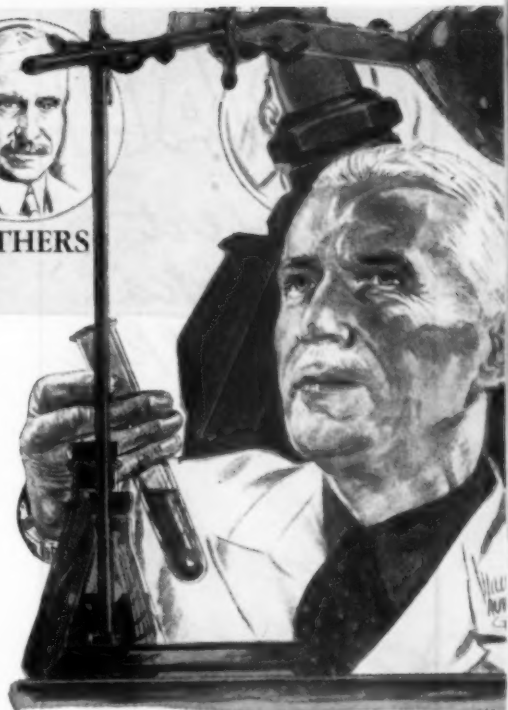


Illustration by Wm. Aubrey Gray

2. Most Serve the Public Welfare

By J. King Harness

Patent Lawyer; Member, Rotary Club of Detroit, Mich.

IF A STUDIED attempt were made to assure the United States of a postwar depression and to doom to failure its quest for 60 million peacetime jobs, no method would prove more effective than the sabotage of the patent system. For, as the late President Roosevelt's National Patent Planning Commission unanimously reported, "The American patent system . . . is the basis upon which our entire industrial civilization rests."

Representative of labor, business, banking, and education, that body went on to say that "The strongest industrial nations have the most effective patent systems, and after a careful study, the Commission has reached the conclusion that the American system is the best in the world."

While the point at issue in this exchange of views is whether large concentrations of patents in a few hands works for or against public weal, the patent system itself is, by implication, under fire. Behind many of the current attacks on some single phase of the system lies a desire to abridge or even to abandon the whole of it. Thus a brief study of what patents are and what they have achieved is in order.

A patent is simply a device by which information on a new discovery can be given to the world. In consideration for the effort and

money he has invested in his invention, the originator is given exclusive right to it for 17 years. If he has fashioned something the public wants, it is a potential money-maker and it is to his interest to exploit it. Such profit as he may make is the premium which society permits him to take in return for his contribution to the sum total of its technological knowledge.

At the end of the 17 years, however, the inventor's creation is fully disclosed to the public—in recognition of its interest in scientific progress, and everyone is then free to make, use, and sell his idea.

On the incentive those 17 years of protection offer, American inventors have contrived harvesting machines, automobiles, airplanes, refrigerators, radios, sound movies, vacuum cleaners, tractors, orange juicers, and more than 2 million other patented devices which have given the United States the highest standard of material comfort in the world. And those machines make jobs! Since jobs come only out of the exchange of goods and services, most of us owe our very livelihood to the tinkering and sleepless nights of some inventor.

CONSIDER the volume of employment provided in peacetime by the automobile alone. First there are the thousands of men and women engaged in the mining and production of the basic materials of motorcars—metals, rubber, cotton, plastics. Then there are the thousands employed in actual manufacture of the product; the thousands more required to sell and service it. And lastly there are the thousands involved

in the production of gasoline, oil, and highways so essential to motorcar operation.

Inventions in oil cracking have prevented the United States from consuming its entire supply of crude oil, from which gasoline is obtained. Since the introduction (between 1910 and 1920) of thermal oil cracking, the nation has used 25 billion barrels of crude oil. Without the saving made possible by cracking processes, it would have used 45 billion barrels of crude oil. The saving of 20 billion barrels is precisely equal to the present estimated reserve!

What is more, our scientific developments and inventions have saved us from domination by world aggressors. The present war found the United States woefully unprepared in trained men and material to fight a war, but it found the country fully prepared with inventions and manufacturing ability to make itself the arsenal of democracy which was so necessary to save the day.

But would inventors invent without the profit incentive? Let us not be naïve. Only if they are assured the protection, the opportunities for personal gain they have enjoyed in the past, can we expect them to risk their time and their savings in turning out the flood of [Continued on page 56]

NOAH

By Robert
Sparks
Walker



THIS (above) is Noah himself—wit, hero, and martyr of mourning-dovedom.

IF I COULD tune in on the "grapevine" of the bird world, I am sure I should hear something like this:

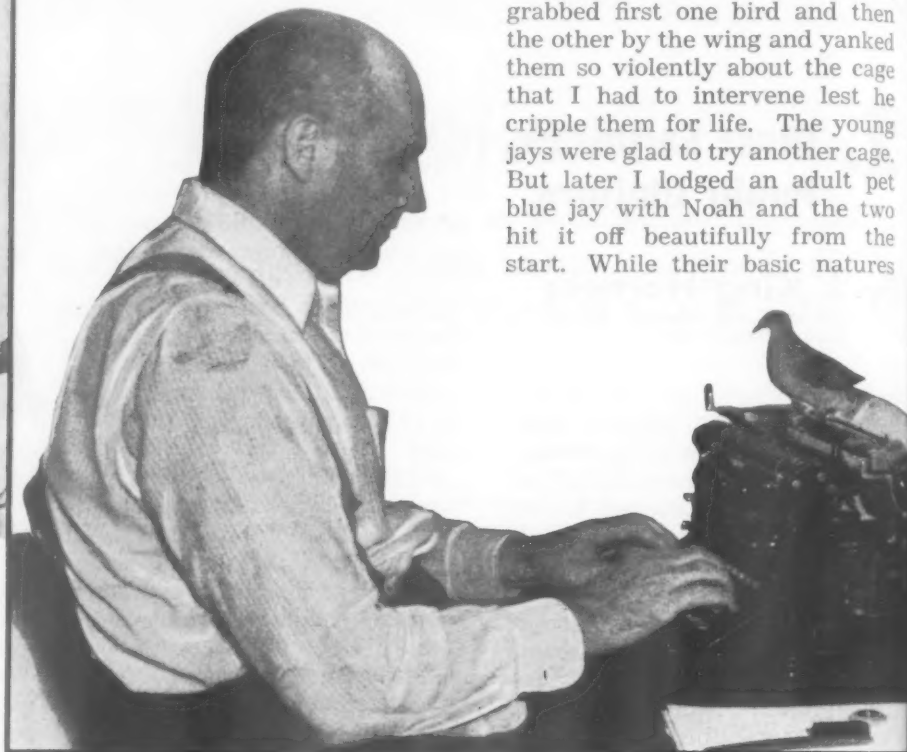
"Listen, my little chickadee, if you're hungry and haven't the price of a grub, just flit over to that white house on Greenwood Avenue in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The chap who lives there is an easy mark. Feeds you, gives you a shower, keeps you as long as you like—and no questions asked. When you want to get away from it all for a while, look up Mr. W."

How else can I account for the scores of feathered house guests that drop in on me out of the blue each Summer to stay for a weekend, a week, a month or three, and to return next season? Some, alas, are plain "moochers." Some are tired warriors. Some are parents on a second honeymoon. Some are social parasites that live by their charming wit alone. And some are merely lonely souls in search of friendship.

But Noah was none of these. Noah was an orphaned mourning

dove that came to me so young that he was still in the habit of taking his food directly from his mother's mouth. Now, I like to think of myself as a coöperative person, but I drew the line at playing Noah's mother quite that literally.

I did make this concession, how-



CHIEF of Noah's delights, as he grew up in the author's home, was a daily ride to and fro on the typewriter carriage. A thorough gentleman, Noah had the run of the house.

ever: by placing soft food in my almost closed hand, I simulated Mrs. Dove's feathered throat so well that Noah pecked away as if this were really home.

Not many days of his visit had passed ere I realized I was entertaining a strong but sensitive personality. Noah was taciturn, solemn, and shy. If, once in a rare while, a coo would escape him, he'd stop at once as if to apologize: "I'm sorry, I must have interrupted you."

But for all his peaceful manner, I discerned in him a hidden strength which righteous wrath might easily arouse. I had not long to wait for proof. One day, while Noah was flying about in his wire coop, I released two young blue jays therein. The freedom went to their heads—and they behaved like madmen, scolding, jabbering, strutting, flutter-

ing. Now, Noah was taking dinner at this particular hour and looked up at the jays only long enough to deliver a scornful glance. When, however, in their crazy careening the jays flew headlong into him, Noah had had enough. His dignity had been outraged. As the blue streaks came flashing by on another round of the cage, Noah grabbed first one bird and then the other by the wing and yanked them so violently about the cage that I had to intervene lest he cripple them for life. The young jays were glad to try another cage. But later I lodged an adult pet blue jay with Noah and the two hit it off beautifully from the start. While their basic natures

were diametric opposites, they had learned to see the other fellow's point of view, to live and let live. Indeed, when I placed them in adjoining cages, with free access to each other's quarters, they agreed to exchange cages during the daytime, but to return each to his own perch at night. They had effected a "swap."

Noah was a patient teacher, but had to admit defeat in the case of the young towhee I also placed in his airy apartment. The towhee, too, proved a rowdy, and time after time Noah would grab the bird by the beak, shake his head, and spank him with wings and feet, a scene that always took me back to the little red schoolhouse—with me in rôle of the towhee. But Noah's ruffian roommate would not learn, despite his many chances, and he, too, had to go lest Noah lose his patience com-

pletely. Noah was determined that whoever came as his guest should be civil and mannerly.

This Noah of mine grew up to be quite a ladies' man. Of the many daily callers at my home, he'd invariably select the prettiest young woman in a group, drop from his perch on a curtain rod,



WHEN Mr. Walker switched to longhand, Noah switched perches—to head or arm.

alight on her shoulder, and cuddle up to her cheek. Then, suddenly growing self-conscious, he'd look sheepishly at the spectators, slip off, and swoop through the rooms.

As I've implied, Noah always had the run of my home and no object in it fascinated him more than my typewriter. Often as I clacked away, I'd look up to see Noah sitting on the typewriter carriage, riding to and fro and apparently enjoying it no less than a boy on a merry-go-round. I always thought as, at other times, he sat on my head or shoulder while I wrote, that he might be thinking, "If it is wild-life conservation you're writing about, old chap, please make it plenty strong."

Everyone who has flushed a wild dove knows the beautifully clear whistle he makes as he lifts his body into the air. The sound

comes from the sudden rush of air between stiff wing feathers. Noah was five months old before he got his whistle, and no boy with new long pants was ever prouder. Now, I had planned from the beginning to set Noah free when he should reach this adolescence. I had hoped to band him and so to use him in furthering the movement of protection for his fast-diminishing race. But one October evening, as I was moving him from his outdoor room, he flew into the bright moonlight and disappeared.

Newspapers and a radio station reported his escape and recited his virtues. Hunters were asked to refrain from shooting doves for a few weeks. And thousands of people arose to help hunt Noah, some of them 100 miles away. Because I had robbed Noah of a bird's natural distrust for men, I felt keenly responsible for his safety. Used to human companionship Noah might well drop out of the sky and perch on the barrel



of some hunter's gun. Then the letters and telegrams began pouring in. Two reported capturing Noah on days before his actual escape. One report took me 20 miles from my home to find a ring-necked pigeon instead of the promised Noah.

Knowing that Noah's escape had saved the lives of thousands of his brother doves—it had called the attention of thousands of people to a law that permitted the slaying of this bird so useful to farmers—I was content that he had flown away. But on the last day of the open season on dove hunting, a month and a half after Noah's escape, a teacher of biology in a rural school 15 miles from my home knocked on my door.

"Here is Noah," she said holding up my old friend. "Here to stay."

A high-school boy had picked him up that morning, suffering from a wing wound. He could not fly, and had a high fever. Though I nursed him back to health and he was once more able to take to wing, he would now have strictly nothing to do with any person save myself . . . and his trust in me returned only slowly. Christmas firecrackers shot off in the neighborhood sent him into a panic, a phobia resulting from the gunshot that "winged him."

Noah's return gave me a good excuse to screen in a large back porch—an aviary that seemed to delight him greatly. Here he had many human callers. One morning a visitor wearing a leather jacket and khaki breeches stepped into this flyway. Noah spied him, apparently recalled in a flash what a man in an outfit like that had done to him a few months before, and took off on a frantic flight around the room. But Noah's wounded wing had never worked perfectly—and, on a turn, it now failed him completely, which threw him with a soft thump against a porch column. He was dead when I picked him up.

I lost a good little friend in that small tragedy, but I find pleasure in thinking of Noah as a sort of martyr of dovedom. The doves in my part of the world have Noah's story to thank for the most peaceful days they have had in decades.

My Friend 'Chape'

A look back on the life of a quiet man who left Rotary and his world richer than he found them.

By Paul P. Harris

Founder and President Emeritus, Rotary International



"A STRANGE, whimsical man" might have been a proper sum-up of the character of Rufe Chapin in the minds of Rotarians in attendance at Conventions during the last score of years.

Bring back to memory a picture. The Convention hall is packed with thousands of excited delegates from all parts of the United States and many other lands. The chair announces that nominations for Treasurer for the ensuing year are in order. A man rises from the center of the hall and says: "I would like to make a nomination."

"Very well," the chairman answers. "Mr. Rufus Chapin, of Chicago, has a nomination to make. Come to the platform, Rufe."

The man arises, marches down the center aisle and up the stairway, makes his appearance before the microphone, draws an impressive manuscript from his pocket, clears his throat, and announces in stentorian tones: "I nominate Rufus Fisher Chapin, of Chicago, as Treasurer of Rotary International for the coming year." He then folds his manuscript and stomps noisily back to his seat amid salvos of applause and roars of laughter. Old-timers shout, "There's old Rufe at his perennial trick."

Needless to say, Rufus Fisher Chapin was invariably elected as Treasurer of Rotary International by an overwhelming majority. To have elected anyone else would have been unthinkable. The job had been nailed on Rufus back a

long generation ago. So, after having enjoyed the brief break, the Convention settles down to business again.

Rufe Chapin has gone from us and thousands of Rotarians mourn his loss.

Yes, Rufe was a strange man, never quite fully understood. I have known him intimately for 40 years and yet to his very last day he was disclosing new qualities of mind to me. He was not always puckish, not always eccentric. In the face of joy, in the face of sorrow, he was always unruffled. His amazing philosophy of life rendered him immune from pain. Sometimes I think that Rufe was the most unforgettable character I have ever known. He was a combination of bank official, Rotarian, and Will Rogers, and as son of a widowed mother he arose supreme. No, Rufe was not always clowning. Clowning was a recreation of his, and he gave multitudes of worn and weary folks hearty and refreshing laughs. But does clowning go with banking? Yes, if you don't try to do both things at the same time.

In the Spring of 1905, and within five months from the first meeting of the first Club, Chape became a Rotarian. We became fast friends at once, though our ideas of Rotary differed widely. Chape was a member of a social organization known as the Cipher Club, the membership of which was composed of folks of cultural aims who on Saturday nights enjoyed the companionship of their kind in Bohemian relaxation. Chape and his mother were constant attendants. All members had the right to make speeches, sing songs, or dance jigs at meetings of the Cipher Club. To do the unexpected was especially good form. Chape's

stunt of nominating himself for Treasurer of Rotary International would have been considered quite Ciphersque. The members of the Cipher Club would have been proud of him had they been present. The meetings frequently extended into the wee hours of the morning and then the members adjourned, not to their homes, but to some all-night restaurant where festivities frequently continued until 4 o'clock in the morning. Mother Chapin at 80 years of age was the most youthful of them all. She attended all Rotary International Conventions during the latter years of her life and invariably led the grand march on the night of the ball.

Mother Chapin was born, raised, and married in New England. She and her husband moved to a farm in Wisconsin, where they lived for some years—years which Mother Chapin always referred to as the most lonesome and wretched years of her life. She was ill prepared for her duties as a farmer's wife and she longed for the excitement of the city.

SO EVENTUALLY the Chapins moved to Chicago, where Rufus and two daughters were born. The oldest daughter became Mrs. Stewart Spalding, world traveller and leader of Chicago's social set.

Mother Chapin's antipathy to rural life fastened itself on her son. Rufus was as uncomfortable as a fish out of water when business affairs took him beyond the city limits.

Rufus gained the friendship of the son of a banker who lived next door to the Chapins. The banker's name was Rawson and he was president of the Union Trust Company of Chicago. His son's name was Freddie. The father took a

liking to Rufus and, while the latter was still in his knickerbockers, gave him employment in the big bank of which he was the head. Freddie also was taken into the bank and in course of time became its president.

Chape never left the Union Trust Company, and eventually became its vice-president, which position he held until the Union Trust Company was absorbed by the First National Bank, in which institution he continued in his office of vice-president. The friendship between Fred Rawson and Chape begun in childhood continued until the death of the former. Chape had many friends—in fact, everyone loved him—but none of his friendships absorbed as much of his life as that of his little playmate who lived next door.

TO ROTARIANS the most remarkable quality which manifested itself was his devotion to his mother. He never had any other girl friend and he was her slave. If she happened to want a beef steak at midnight, which she not infrequently did, he quickly got into his street clothes and they were off downtown. There was once a rumor of his affections having been engaged by a fair lady of his own age, but that did not last long.

When Mother Chapin passed away, everyone thought that Chape would buckle up completely, but he engaged a housekeeper and continued in his apartment as usual.

Ten years ago Chape was stricken with a painful spinal malady which continued until his death. For all these years, he was practically confined to his house. He employed specialists from all parts of the United States, but none was able to relieve him. Often he sat unclothed except for the trousers of his pajamas because he could not bear to have his clothes touch his back. On the rare occasions when he went out, he wore a metal harness which kept his shirt from touching his back. He had that harness on, friends in Rotary, when you heard him nominate himself for Treasurer.

Bereft of the companionship of his mother, cut off from business

and business associates, unable to attend Rotary Club meetings, no friends near at hand, and living in an apartment in an overgrown city among strangers, and suffering from constant pain, what was this man to do? If courage, resourcefulness, and determination were ever called for, it was on this occasion. Chape had what it took.

Realizing that his only salvation was to keep his mind busy, Chape planned his campaign. Every hour of the day and many hours of the night must be productive. There had been many things he had wanted to do, but had never had sufficient time; he would do them now. He devised a Utilitarian Calendar and a Fonetik Alfabet, and designed nonfriction superhighways and traffic standards. While he never studied architecture or engineering, he created, designed, and drew to scale the most elaborate plan for helping Chicago fulfill its destiny. His perfectly coordinated scheme included a central loop railroad terminal, docks for ocean steamers, a gigantic airport on the lake front, high-speed boulevards running to all parts of the city, and a thousand and one other details. Chape never had been so busy as when leisure forced itself upon him. He told me that the days were never long enough to suit him. Morning, noon, and night, year in and out, Chape worked at his self-appointed tasks.

He forgot about his pain. He said that he was more or less con-

scious of its presence, but he declared himself too busy to do it justice. He thought that he would miss it if it left him entirely.

During the course of an address I was making before the Chicago Rotary Club, I spoke of the brave fight he was making against an affliction that would have broken most men. He rebuked me, saying: "You speak of my affliction, Paul. I am not suffering any affliction. I am going through the greatest experience of my life. I would hate to have missed it."

THESE words are not intended as an argument in favor of night life as a character builder. Even greater wonders might have been revealed to us if the Chapin family had remained on their Wisconsin farm, though I cannot imagine what they could have been, but there is no gainsaying the fact that Chape learned early in life how to serve. His love of his mother lured him into paths of service and taught him to be gentle, considerate, and self-sacrificing. Equipped with such virtues there is no limit to what might be done.

Stripped of everything in life which he had held most dear, he created from the ground up a new life of service in the interest of all men. In so doing he arose above his physical suffering. A wholesome philosophy of life is more valuable than vast empires of material possessions. May your rest be peaceful, old friend.

EVER READY for a prank, "Rufe" obliges a cameraman who, at the 1942 Assembly in Quebec, posed him as haggling over the price of a hack ride. (For a formal portrait of "Rufe," see page 6.)





The Isles of King Solomon

By
Walter H. Baddeley
Bishop of Melanesia

IT IS perhaps no exaggeration to say that until news of the landing of the United States Marines on Guadalcanal, Florida (Gela), and adjacent islands was released in August, 1942, the name "Solomon Islands" was all but unknown by a vast proportion of American citizens. Since that time they have become headline news, for thousands of American Marines, sailors, and soldiers have served there, and to many there is now a small corner in the Solomons which will be forever saved as the last resting place of one they have loved.

The Solomon Islands first became known to the white man when Mendaña, an intrepid Spanish voyager, discovered them in the latter part of the 16th Century. He returned to Spain with wonderful stories of the untold wealth of the islands—which he named "The Isles of King Solomon." It was, in consequence, not difficult to fit out an expedition for colonization. Things went altogether wrong on this second journey. Failing to make his former contact with the main Solomon group, Mendaña arrived off Santa Cruz, some 250 miles to the east. Here in Graciosa Bay he essayed to establish his colony. The Santa Cruzians were not all enamored of the prospect of white men on their island: quarrels arose and poisoned arrows began to fly. When sickness made rapid inroads among the would-be settlers, Mendaña himself being a victim, the expedition turned home. All that remains of this 16th Century Spanish contact is the nomenclature of the islands—and a small gun, recovered from the sands of Graciosa Bay, which now "adorns" my headquarters on Florida Island.

Nearly 200 years later the French came to the islands, and Choiseul, Bougainville, and other islands are now the only reminders of their visits.

In the early part of the last century, however, in search chiefly of native labor for the sugar plantations of Fiji and Queensland, many a schooner came northward from Australia. Not all recruiters were immoral (or 'unmoral') men, but many were, and blackbirding became a well-established fact in the



relations of white visitor and dark-skinned native. Many a boy was enticed on board, knocked senseless, and carried off. One of my predecessors, John Coleridge Patterson, the first bishop of Melanesia, was murdered in revenge for the kidnaping of five lads from Nukapu, a small island some 30 miles north of Santa Cruz. The people of the islands at that time were, generally speaking, fierce, treacherous head-hunters, given to cannibalism, and all recruiting had to be undertaken under cover of rifles of men at the ready on the decks of the schooner, which stood close to the beaches while the recruiters went ashore. This traffic was later regulated—largely as a result of Patterson's death—although the present British administration in the Solomons was not established until 1893.

Meanwhile for 50 years the Melanesian mission had been at work. Continually passing among the islands, "the bishop"—there have been six others since Patterson's day—also collected boys on the mission vessel, the *Southern Cross*. These lads—and later, girls too—were brought to some central training establishment, at first established at Kohimarama, near Auckland, then on Norfolk Island off the Australian coast, in these days at places within the islands themselves. In these schools boys were taught the Christian faith, and together they lived as a family—these lads from many different islands with all their different customs, superstitions, taboos, and languages. Later they went back to their islands as teachers or catechists, and bit by bit the old ways in the Solomons have given place to new.

I think that some of the Marines were just a bit disappointed that no head-hunters were on view. Instead they found folk with some culture of their own, of a very kindly disposition, ready

to help when men were in trouble—men shot down into the bush or scrambling ashore from some sinking ship—able to do valuable intelligent work and act as guides. They found Solomon Islanders doing a great job of Christian ministers among their simple primitive communities or as native medical practitioners doing invaluable work among these folk whose health has suffered so from epidemic disease or those imported from the outside world. This has been brought about by the cooperation of administration and missions (for other missionary societies—of the Roman Catholic, Methodist, and the South Seas Evangelical churches—have come to the Solomons since the beginning of this century). We have been tutors, trustees for these folk, and thousands of Americans are grateful for the contacts they have made with them.

The days ahead are full of problems. Life in the islands was simple, primitive indeed, in prewar days, when there were practically no roads. All communication was by sea, up and down the coasts by schooners and launches. The sole product of the islands was copra (the dried white meat of the coconut), to be used for soap making and cattle feed and by the white population of some few hundred—Government officials, missionaries, planters, and traders. Now for three years the islands and their peoples have been caught in the vortex of the war. They have seen great ships, thousands of planes, hosts of men engaged in deadly combat. The big world has closed in on them. All the sympathetic cooperation of men of goodwill will be needed to build again all that has been destroyed—for our schools, our press, our island dispensaries, lie in ruins—and reorient native life that the passage from the erstwhile savage and simple, state into a new world may not be so cataclysmic as to destroy the roots of Solomon Island life and culture. They are fine peoples, capable of great things. We go forward with great hope for the future.

About Rotarian Baddeley



A Briton distinguished as a lieutenant colonel in World War I, the Rt. Rev. Walter Hubert Baddeley served church posts in England, then, in 1932, became head of one of the largest Anglican dioceses in the world—an isle-sprinkled sweep of the Western Pacific 2,000 miles wide. Driven into the jungle by the invader and then freed by Allied forces, he and his staff plan to rebuild smashed properties and to resume their island-to-island ministry.

Now More of Us LIVE

by Paul W. Kearney



Photo: Kaufmann-Fabry

FOR MORE than 75 years the American Experience Table of Mortality has been more or less of a standard in the insurance business of America. This table, published just after the Civil War, shows that in every 1,000 people aged 8.06 will die before their next birth-

day. Now, after about five years' painstaking labor by a picked group of insurance mathematicians, a new table has been prepared reflecting a sharp cut in that death rate from 8.06 to 2.88. This so-called Commissioners Table shows a welcome improvement in the survival of children and young people, but little change from age 50 on. The trend is indicated by a few comparisons:

Age	(Deaths per 1,000)	
	Old Table	New Table
15	7.63	2.15
20	7.81	2.43
25	8.43	3.56
35	8.95	4.59
40	9.79	6.18
45	11.16	8.61
50	13.78	12.32
65	40.13	39.64

At age 60 the rates are almost identical in both tables, but continuing on through age 95, the moderns still hold a tight edge over their grandparents in their chances for survival.

What the new study shows is not that we live longer than our ancestors did, rather, that more of us live. Dr. William R. Ward, medical director of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey—which has been in drafting the new tables and will probably be one of the first companies to adopt the new table sometime in 1945—explains it as follows:

There is considerable misunderstanding by the public concerning the constantly increasing expected average age at death of the human race. When it is stated that since 1900 this average age in the United States has increased from 49.24 years to 64.82 years, it is natural to assume that a larger number of people attain a very advanced age than was heretofore the case. This is a correct assumption.

Those who have attained middle life

do not live longer than did their forebears, but many more people attain middle life than formerly because of the great conservation of life in the younger ages. The decrease in mortality from just two diseases, diphtheria and tuberculosis, is a striking example of this.

"At the beginning of this century diphtheria was the most dreaded and most fatal disease of childhood, with a death rate of 40.3 per 100,000 population. In 1942 the death rate was one per 100,000. Today we have approximately 1,300 deaths from diphtheria annually—but if the 1900 rate still prevailed, we would have 52,000 deaths.

"In the same period the tuberculosis death rate has been cut from 173.3 to 39.6, giving us only 50,000 deaths from this disease, as compared to the 225,000 we would experience if the former rate applied."

These and comparable reductions in other diseases make it possible for more children to live to middle age. On the other hand, the mounting toll of such killers as cancer and heart disease is

whittling down the survival rate of those saved from juvenile afflictions, a fact which shows up graphically in a comparison of the leading death causes for three different periods in the U.S.A.:

	(Death Rates per 100,000)		
	1942	1922	1900
Heart disease	303	211	137
Cancer	124	105	64
Cerebral hemorrhage	92	104	81
Nephritis	72	95	89
Accidents	68	71	72
Pneumonia	46	86	179
Tuberculosis	43	92	195

It is just such fluctuations in the death rates which necessitate revisions of mortality tables at intervals, yet the task is so enormous that it is done so seldom as to make a new table an epochal event to life-insurance men. Hardly more than half a dozen have been in general use since a Roman lawyer named Ulpian compiled the first one in A.D. 220. The first really scientific one was made by Edmund Halley, Astronomer Royal of England and discoverer of the comet named after him. By using the vital statistics of the city of Breslau, Germany, for the period from 1687 to 1692, Halley arrived at a compilation

News of interest to the 7,500 Rotarian insurance men—and you!

which provided a sound basis for the ascertainment of the cost of mortality in the insurance of lives.

This was supplanted in the latter part of the 18th Century by the Northampton Table, based on the vital statistics of that English city over a period of years and used by the early American companies for their calculations. The current American Experience Table was the first study made on American death rates. Adopted shortly after the Civil War, it gradually became an integral part of the insurance laws of every State in the United States and remains so today.

THE modernized table—which, by the way, is only one of a half dozen mortality tables constructed in the last 50 or 60 years—was sponsored by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, State officials who regulate insurance in their respective commonwealths. The main reason for the change was the conviction of the commissioners that the public universally misunderstood the old system. Many critics have charged that life companies were making unconscionable profit from the use of the American Experience Table and that policyholders were paying an excessive price for protection based on its antiquated death rates. Indeed, if you bought a policy at age 30, you are presumably paying on a death rate more than double today's actual mortality, and you might reasonably assume that you are being overcharged.

You aren't, however, because in mutual companies (which carry 80 percent of the country's life insurance) your annual dividends compensate for the discrepancy between the death rates of 75 years ago and today. The nondividend companies also make the necessary adjustments in their rates to bring insurance costs in tune with current conditions. For the fact remains that the actual cost of life insurance is determined by three factors and nothing else:

1. Number of policyholders who die in given year on whom claims are paid.
2. Interest earnings on reserve funds.
3. "Loading" or cost of operating the company.

Since the last averages about 10 to 15 percent of the premium, it does not bulk very large: the first two are the real factors. So no matter how many people a given mortality table says may die in a given year, the only thing which really counts in insurance cost is the number who actually do die.

The State commissioners felt, however, that an up-to-date mortality table would greatly clarify the picture for the average insurance buyer. So, in 1937, a committee was formed to study the need for a new table. Filing its report in 1939, the committee, under the able chairmanship of Alfred N. Guertin, actuary of the New Jersey Department of Banking and Insurance, proceeded from there to make the exhaustive statistical study which was completed in June, 1942.

Sixteen different life-insurance companies, including 13 of the largest, contributed the mortality figures forming the basis for the new table. Covering the ten-year period from 1931 to 1940, the extent of the data may partially be judged from the fact that the dollar-years of exposure aggregated approximately 124 billion dollars and the actual death claims, 940 million dollars.

New Jersey and Indiana were the first two States to incorporate the new table in their insurance laws: at this writing some 16 States have adopted "The Commissioners Standard Ordinary Table of Mortality," making it permissive for companies to use it up to 1948, when it becomes mandatory to do so. Other States are preparing to follow suit with the wholehearted endorsement of the commissioners.

In view of this, the average policyholder's natural question is, "What effect will this new mortality table have on my life-insurance costs?"

Practically none, say insurance mathe-

maticians, since the new table can have no effect on the three basic factors in insurance cost already mentioned: actual deaths, interest earned, and the "loading." Premium rates on new policies may change slightly, but in the long run you will pay just about the same for \$1,000 worth of protection.

If only the modernized table were involved, you would theoretically pay lower premiums in the younger age groups and receive smaller dividends. But simultaneously with the adoption of the Commissioners Table the insurance companies are preparing to lower their assumed interest rate from the present 3 percent to 2½ percent or possibly 2 percent. In fact, some companies have already done so. This change, sanctioned by all regulatory bodies, is dictated by the gradual change in the securities market. And not being able to earn so much on their investments in the immediate future, the companies will have to boost premium rates somewhat to compensate for this loss of income.

THUS while current mortality experience indicates a lowering of premiums, the interest cut necessitates an increase which may be slightly greater than the reduction. All of which applies to new policies only: *there will be no change in policies already in force.*

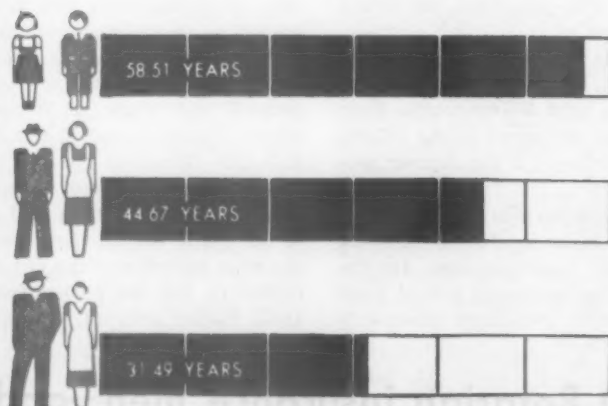
Essentially, therefore, the principal interest of the layman in the modernized mortality table rests in its indication that a great many more of our children and their children will live to at least middle age. The marvellous advances in medicine, in bacteriology and nutrition, in public-health education, and paying these handsome dividends. Not only are we steadily routing some of the worst killers which less than 50 years ago wiped out five (difference in death rate compared to the past) out of every 1,000 25-year-olds, but we have pretty much succeeded in relegating the sweeping epidemic to ancient history.

True, the "flu" epidemic of 1918 exacted a heavy toll. Yet even that was trivial compared to the famous Plague of London in 1664-65—or the ghastly "Black Death" which swept out of Constantinople in 1347 and devastated much of Europe. The mortality of this one plague has been variously estimated at from one-quarter to three-quarters of the total population!

By the same token, the revised death rate is also a challenge to science to redouble its efforts in the war on cancer, heart disease, and the other killers of mature men and women. And when medicine really begins to make significant advances along these lines, then the new Commissioners Mortality Table will become as outmoded as the 75-year-old American Experience Table is now.

HOW MUCH LONGER CAN YOU EXPECT TO LIVE?

IF YOU ARE
10 YEARS OLD
25 YEARS OLD
40 YEARS OLD



Pictograph Corporation

Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

● **Poultry Plucker.** The Nova Scotia government is said to be offering to supply gratis to anyone desiring them complete details for making its patented poultry plucker. Any handyman, it is said, can easily make one with a few short pieces of hose, and with it can pluck 100 birds an hour. The offer is being made as a war contribution to the allies.

● **Preventing Wool Shrinkage.** "Lanaset" is the name of a new melamine resin which even a housewife can use to prevent shrinkage of woolen goods. It is used by dipping articles in a solution of the resin, wrung out, dried, and passed through a mangle or other heat treatment. They are then given a light rinse to remove any uncombined surface resins. One treatment is said to be effective for the life of the garment. Subsequent washings or dry cleanings will not remove the substance. It is particularly suitable for dresses, suits, blankets, as well as articles which are only part wool. It is, naturally, applicable to bolt fabrics in the mill.

● **Runless Stockings.** Recently announced is a new fabric-treating chemical which will make sheer stockings run-resistant, remove the shine from serge suits, and make any textile wear longer. The new treatment may be applied by spraying, sponging, or immersion.

● **Vitamin A from Leaves.** Waste leaves from carrots, kale, broccoli, spinach, beets, etc., may be economically used in the preparation of a vitamin A concentrate of great potency. The preparation consists of extraction with a suitable solvent, saponifying the residue and precipitating the calcium salt. Details for preparing it may be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture.

● **Electric Ear.** Many mechanical operations have long been controlled by the electric eye—an electric switch operated by varying intensities of light. Now we have the electric ear for regulating many sorts of mills and other machines by the noise they make. The makers have long boasted that they use everything but the pig's squeal; now even the squeal may become useful. The greatest immediate practical use for the electric ear seems to be in regulating the feed rate of material to be ground in ball and tube mills, but any other operation which is most efficient at a certain noise level can be regulated to advantage by electric-ear control. The manu-

facturers claim a 10 to 15 percent increase in mill capacity resulting from such control.

● **Bye-Bye, Black Eyes.** It has been found that the electrical injection of histamine will dilate the capillaries, stimulate the circulation, and hasten the absorption of effused blood so that black eyes and other bruises may now be removed in a matter of hours. Histamine, derived from histidine, one of the amino acids resulting from the digestion of protein, is closely related to tryptophane, the most important constituent of protein—in fact, the one without which life is impossible.

● **Remarkable Product.** A friend has supplied the conductor of this department with a glass fabric impregnated with synthetic resin. It is said to have a tensile strength of more than 80,000 pounds to the square inch. It seems to be unbreakable.

● **Malaria Control.** The Office of Malaria Investigation (United States Public Health Service) reports on a malaria-control test in the share-cropper cotton belt of Arkansas in which all houses in a 36-square-mile area (except every 25th house, which was taken as a control) were sprayed with a 5 percent DDT solution. This cut down by 94 percent the number of live mosquitoes in the houses. The cost of 82 cents a gallon for the solution will soon be greatly reduced, as the original cost of \$1.60 a pound for DDT has already been lowered to 60 cents, and the new plant for making it at Grasselli, New Jersey, is now turning



SO SMALL is the area on which this girl welder operates—it's not much bigger than the point of a pin—that she uses a microscopical enlarger when she inspects her work.

out 2½ times its designed capacity. With greater quantities of DDT available, at a lower cost, it is believed that malaria can be completely controlled, if not eliminated.

● **Vinyl Soles.** It seems that vinyl resin made from vinyl chloride has great wear resistance for a flexible plastic—some claim equal even to the best sole leather. One large shoe company is already using vinyl sheeting in making soles. It comes in many colors and has the advantage of being unaffected by water. Vinyl sheeting is readily obtainable and could be cut out and nailed on by anyone.

● **Cordless Pressing Iron.** A vacuum-cleaner company has introduced a pressing iron which has no electric cord attached, but which is inductively heated, the current passing through wires in the ironing board. The iron heats to any predetermined temperature, but the board, which carries the high-frequency current, remains cold.

● **Electro-Static Cleaner.** Nearly everyone has picked up bits of paper and the like with a rubber comb. Now there is a "cleaner" of unbreakable pyroloxoid plastic that becomes statically charged as it is passed over clothes, blankets, rugs, upholstery, car seats, and the like, especially if these be of woolen. This charge enables it to pick up lint, dirt, dust, hair, threads, etc., quickly and efficiently, even though it has no bristles. It is surely much easier than a brush on fabrics and, of course, will far outlast one.

● **Transplanting Aid.** A recent patent describes a method of treating tubers and plant roots which not only reduces losses, but also increases plant growth. It seems that any of the polyatomic alcohols—which means the glycols (ethylene and propylene), glycerine, and sorbitol—has this effect. Solutions of only one-tenth of one percent are often sufficient. The benefits appear to increase with the complexity of the alcohol—the glycols being poorest, the sorbitol best, and the glycerine intermediate. Fortunately, sorbitol is also the cheapest. All plants to be transplanted will benefit from its use. Since sorbitol is the alcohol corresponding to glucose, it has been suggested that glucose solutions might be better still.

● **Tuber Sprouting Stopped.** In the past a large annual loss has resulted from the sprouting of vegetables in storage—especially potatoes. A University of Wisconsin scientist has finally found a chemical which will prevent this premature sprouting. It is the methyl ester of alpha-naphthalene acetic acid, and has been known for some time to exert a hormone action on plant growth. As little as three ounces of this chemical is sufficient to treat 100 bushels of "spuds" and keep them from sprouting. It may be applied as a dust, as a spray of the solution, or as an emulsion.

Clubs Raid Closets in Clothing Campaign



Photos: (top) Rotarian Curtis Waincott

THE THREADBARE millions of Europe needed clothes. Would the people of the United States send them their cast-off apparel? It was the United National Clothing Collection—headed by famed shipbuilder and new honorary Rotarian Henry J. Kaiser—that asked the question last Spring.

How Americans answered can now be told. At presstime incomplete returns from 7,268 local committees had reported an aggregate collection of 150,366,000 pounds—surpassing the 150-million pound goal. The first million pounds was already in Europe.

For their work in setting up, with other service clubs, the vital local collection committees, hundreds of Rotary Clubs could take no little pride. Here are typical samples of how the drive went in town after town:

ALBION, MICH.—Eight tons collected, topping the quota by 60 percent.

ANSONIA, CONN.—Shipment of clothing from this city of 22,000 amounted to some 37,000 pounds.

ASHEBORO, N. C.—More than two pounds per person collected—16,662 pounds.

BAY CITY, MICH.—County goal 70,000 pounds; collection totalled 104,645 pounds including 145,635 articles.

BOYERTOWN, PA.—More than 25 tons of used clothing collected.

BRAZIL, IND.—It took more than 400 labels to pack nine-ton pile.

CAMDEN, N. J.—Sparkling the drive, Rotarians gave nearly a ton at one meeting.

CANTON, MASS.—Collection completely filled vacant store. Measured 20 cords.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Fifty tons collected.

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Rotary spearheaded the collection of more than 2 million pounds in one day, exceeding county quota 33 percent.

COVINA, CALIF.—One Rotarian reported that nearly every youngster at a boys' home gave something—filling 15 huge hampers.

CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.—Collection totalled 12,000 pounds.

CUMBERLAND, KY.—Over half the Club's

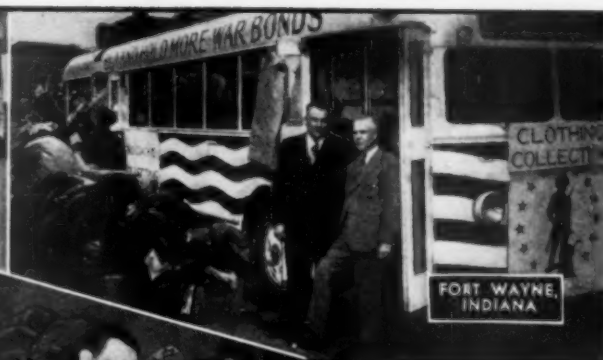


Photo: (second from top) York Gazette and Daily

members worked through a night to pack 1000 pounds of clothing.

DE KALB, ILL.—Approximately 40,000 pounds collected.

EAST HAVEN, CONN.—Over 15 tons collected one day.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—"Clean Out Your Clothes Closet Week" appeal netted five tons.

FARMERSVILLE, OHIO—Town of 450 persons, collection 4,000 pounds.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—Three carloads collected, and more reported coming in.

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Quota 50 tons; collection aggregated 75 tons.

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Twelve carloads of clothing shipped by early May.

FRANKLIN, MASS.—Four tons of clothing collected, baled, and shipped.

GLEN PARK (GARY), IND.—Rotarians gave over 200 pounds at one meeting.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.—In little over an hour ten tons of clothing packed for shipment.

HARRISBURG, PA.—Goal of 400,000 pounds surpassed when 300 truckloads of clothing filled a warehouse. Final figure: 634,000 pounds.

HOUSTON, TEX.—Report shows 150 tons of clothing collected.

HUNSON, N. Y.—Rotarians proud of their part in collecting 16 tons.

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—Rotarians helped in drive which netted 20 tons.

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA—Rotary-headed committee so functioned that Ketchikan reportedly led nation. (Alaska was first on a per capita basis in the drive.)

LANCASTER, PA.—Total collection: 250,000 pounds of clothing.

LARAMIE, WYO.—Over 30,000 pounds of clothing collected.

MCMINNVILLE, OREG.—Exceeding its quota, 4000 pounds of clothing collected.

MEADVILLE, PA.—It took 400 cases to hold community collection.

MONTOURVILLE, PA.—A 50-member Club reported more than three tons shipped early May.

NEWTON, MASS.—Rotarians donated 681 hours, packed 1,341 bales. Collection aggregated 75,000 pounds.

OROVILLE, CALIF.—One bundle of clothes at admission price at recent meeting.

PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y.—Rotarians needed cartons to pack the 10,449 pounds of clothing they collected.

PORTLAND, OREG.—Quota was 150,000 pounds, but collection exceeded a million pounds as the city paid tribute to Chairman Geer, whose shipbuilding industry is located principally in Portland.

PROVO, UTAH—Early report: three tons.

WAVENNA, OHIO—Rotarians and their wives packed and packed nearly 27,000 pounds of clothing.

SANFORD, N. C.—Rotarians reported 18,000 pounds shipped, and more still coming in.

SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.—Rotarians donated cars and trucks, collected and packed two loads of clothing.

SOUTH DEERFIELD, MASS.—Volunteer truckmen brought in nearly three tons of used clothing.

STATESVILLE, N. C.—Ten tons reported.

STURMURY, PA.—Seventeen tons of clothing collected in first week.

VENICE, CALIF.—Rotarians were "all out" making the collection.

WASHINGTON, PA.—One thousand pounds of clothing filled a Rotarian's showroom.

WAUKESHA, WIS.—Early report: 80,200 pounds collected, more coming in.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.—The town collected 8,376 pounds.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—Rotarians helped collect over 45 tons of clothing.

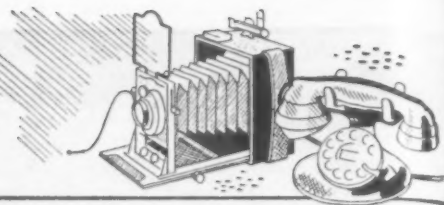
WILMINGTON, N. C.—Nearly three tons of clothing netted 81,332 pounds.

YORK, PA.—A ton and a half of clothing, 12 laundry hampers, collected at the club's Spring party.

Rotary Clubs
5,431

Rotarians
246,600

Rotary Reporter



Aid Young Swedes on Career Hunt

VÄSTERÅS, SWEDEN, have a better idea what awaits them in the world because the local Rotary Club undertook a program of occupational counselling, in co-operation with school authorities. The pupils indicated occupational interests, and then had an opportunity to discuss the matter with business and professional leaders. The plan was so successful that a repeat performance was asked, and assured.

Guide Youth Plan at Bulawayo

All important activity from the Rotary point of view does not necessarily transpire at Club meetings, members of the Rotary Club of BULAWAYO, SOUTH AFRICA, will agree. Three Club members are serving on a committee which is to establish a club for young men and women, using £50,000 which was left by the late Sir James McDonald for that purpose.

Long Beach Is Long on Salvage

"Salvage for Victory" operations, now in their third year, are still going strong in LONG BEACH, CALIF., where a member of the Rotary Club has been sparkplugging the committee to bigger and better records. Each month the city is salvaging approximately 400 tons of white and colored glass, to be reprocessed into new containers; from 40 to 50 tons of usable glass containers; eight tons of rags, 250

tons of tin cans, 15 tons of black iron, up to two tons of nonferrous metals; 6 to 7 tons of steel; and 45,000 to 60,000 pounds of waste fats.

They Do it with Stamps

As any philatelist will tell you, postage stamps have more than one purpose. Even used stamps are valuable, as witness the recent effort of the Educational Facilities Committee of the Rotary Club of JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, to raise £500 through the collection of cancelled postage stamps. . . . Stamps are meeting another need in the Rotary Club of MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. There the International Relations Committee is bringing together members who are interested in collecting them from the philatelist's standpoint.

Lads and Maids Learn of Trades

Youths in CLAPHAM, ENGLAND, are figuratively clapping hands for the local Rotary Club—for its members have formed an active advisory bureau to advise youngsters regarding professions or careers which they may be considering. The Club membership has been divided, and advice is offered in 54 different fields.

And No Stomach Aches Either!

Taking a tip from the United Nations Conference on International Organization then being held in SAN FRANCISCO, members of the Rotary Club of CHICO, CALIF., introduced an international flavor at one of their recent

meetings. The menu was definitely representative of the "four corners" of the world, with Norwegian meat balls, Chinese noodles, zucchini à la Italienne, molded Mexican slaw, English butter, California butter, American ice cream, French cookies, and Brazilian coffee. Oh, yes, it was served "in a Russian manner."

'Mercury' Climbs with Attendance

Members of two Rotary Clubs (FARMVILLE, VA., where the idea originated, and CULPEPER, VA., where it was adopted) can tell almost instantaneously what their attendance record is at any meeting. The Clubs use a special type of thermometer, which is manually manipulated, and shows "hot" only when attendance is nearly perfect. When each member arrives at the meeting, he gets a small red block, which he drops down the "tube," a track formed by grooved strips of wood which form either side of the column. The unused blocks in the box at the side show who is absent. To remove the blocks, the wooden bulb is turned to one side. Slight variations in membership can be adjusted by inserting dummy blocks at the lower end of the tube.



Hot? Cool Off with a Memory!

When the Summer sun beats down, people in PICKERING, ONT., CANADA, can always look back at the chilly fun they had on the village skating rink last Winter—and may feel cool. The ice-rink project, said to be one of the best Community Service undertakings ever tried in PICKERING, was the work of the local Rotary club.

35 More Clubs on Rotary Roster

Congratulations in order for 35 more Rotary Clubs—from eight countries around the world. They are (with sponsors in parentheses) Man (Spartanburg), S. C.; Platt (Richardson), Tex.; Enköping, Sweden; Prattsburg (Naples), N. Y.; Aleppo (Damascus), Syria; Mocksville (Salem), N. C.; Skövde, Sweden; Stanke (England); Camberley, England; Moos (Ephraim (Gloucester City), N. J.); Plala-Lockhart (Andalusia and Opp), Ala.; Weston (South Side of St. Joseph), Mo.; Lahti, Finland; Ackerman (Louisville, Miss.); Moradabad, India; Benares (Lucknow), India; Bruce (California).



WHAT ST. CLAIR, Mich., young people needed most, they told inquiring Rotarians, was a wholesome meeting place. Going to work as a "big brother," the Rotary Club interested city and school officials, put up cash, and helped organize a Youth Club. Featuring dancing, table tennis, "pop," etc., it attracts 200 daily, teaches self-government, reduces social infractions, and pays out!



City), Miss.; Flora (Logansport), Ind.; Quinter (Hill City), Kans.; Boise City (Hugaton), Okla.; Valleyfield (Montreal), Que., Canada; Abergavenny, Eng.; Mays Landing (Pleasantville), N. J.; Ajmer, India; Enfield (Rocky Mount), N. C.; Madisonville (Hopkinsville), Ky.; Constantine (Three Rivers), Mich.; East Chicago (Hammond), Ind.; Mathiston-Maben (Starkville), Miss.; Garthage (Marshall and Center), Tex.; Audubon (Collingswood), N. J.; Port Morris (Millville), N. J.; Berne (Decatur), Ind.; Santa Rita do Passo Quatro (Araras), Brazil; Kristianstad, Sweden.

A Broadcast of the Past

History will live for members of the Rotary Club of Dearborn, MICH., for they are still talking about the recent "mock radio" program when 19 Past Presidents discussed outstanding events during their terms of office. The former officers had recorded their talks the week before—so they were in the audience for the "broadcast." The disc is being preserved, and the Club plans to record other noteworthy events in the same way from time to time.

Gallatin Gives Them Guidance

So successful did they deem the recent vocational-guidance program which they sponsored that members of the Rotary Club of GALLATIN, TENN., are laying plans to make it an annual event. Some 400 juniors and seniors from the high schools of the county attended the one-day affair, when 15 experts from the various professions and businesses were on hand to discuss their fields.

Home Is Where the Beans Are

The Rotary Club of SALIDA, COLO., claims the distinction of being the "movingest" Rotary Club in the United States. Recently made "homeless," the Club held meetings of these kinds, in these places, in this order: a sandwich affair in the Elks home basement; a luncheon served by a home-making class at the high school; a box social in a church basement; then a chili dinner back at the Elks home—but this time in the dining room. Proceeds of the box social went to the Club's crippled-Children Fund.

This Club at Sea—Temporarily

Seldom in wartime does a Rotary Club have the opportunity of meeting on the high seas, but the Rotary Club of SAN PEDRO, CALIF., did when one of the members, a boat builder, invited his fellows to try out a spanking new seagoing vessel (see cut). Appetites whetted by the fresh salt air were tended to aboard ship.

Geelong Long on Child Aid

Concerned about the welfare of all local children, the Rotary Club of GEELONG, AUSTRALIA, has taken special interest in several crippled youngsters. One was given an invalid chair; calipers and crutches were provided for another; and a third was



WITHOUT benefit of silverware, Rotarians enjoyed the delicacies of fish and poi and of sea and garden at the charter banquet of the Rotary Club of West Kauai, in the Ha-

waiian Islands. The Club has the distinction of being the farthest west from Rotary headquarters—if all Clubs on the other side of the International Dateline are "east."

Photo: Rotarian Evert Adams



A QUIZ KIDS program featured a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Kokomo, Ind. Quizmaster (Rotarian) Edward A. Kaegi plied "tough ones" to four high-school honor stu-

dents: Kathleen Peters, John Sweet, Jacqueline Johnson, and Dale Klingerman. Variety was added when two members dressed as "kids" arrived late, answered "pushovers."



ROTARIANS of San Pedro, Calif., recently went to sea—and saw how a new boat rides.

Their host was Member John Rados, center, clad in the plaid windbreaker (also see item).



RAILROAD DAY was observed with a special program by the Del Rio, Tex., Rotary Club. Railwaymen were guests, and officers dressed in railroaders' garb. In the photo: "Conductors" Drury Wood and Paul Poag, Club President and Secretary; and "Engineer" J. B. Morris, the Sergeant-at-arms.

given school fees, books, and tools. During the past Rotary year the Club provided 6,783 pints of milk to three kindergartens, bringing the total amount of milk distributed in 11 years to 140,124 pints, at a cost of £1,160.

They Toil and Spin. . . The HOUSTON, TEX., Rotary Club *Log* lets it be known that, in keeping with its Club By-Laws, at least two-thirds of the Club income is expended for philanthropic purposes—which proves that Rotarians of HOUSTON are not "lilies of the field, but do their bit of toiling and spinning."

Collect Tin by the Ton Several business firms donated trucks and drivers for the recent Rotary-sponsored tin-salvage collection in NORTHFIELD, MINN. The total "take" that day was almost seven tons—and plans were made for another pick-up a few weeks hence.

Minstrel Show Brings in 'Dough' Numberless Rotary Clubs have found home-talent minstrel shows both entertaining and profitable. Folks in TIPTON, IND., recently greeted the local Club's first annual show with so much enthusiasm that there is every

likelihood the idea will be perpetuated. The net profit was \$675, which will help equip a room in the proposed new county hospital. . . . Another Club with "minstrelitis" is that in LUDINGTON, MICH. Its show was a feature at the annual ladies' night, and has been given for several neighboring Clubs (see cut).

Make 'em Tick, Well and Sick Rotarians living in MACOMB, ILL., have long been interested in what makes youngsters tick, for they have been sponsoring a Junior Olympics for the past 20 years, and also are coöperative sponsors of a clinic for crippled children. The Olympics has grown from a 120-contestant affair to one with 500 enthusiastic youths, with entries from all over the county. Seventy youngsters, all under 12, were brought to the latest clinic, and many parents left with hopeful hearts after the care given the children and instructions furnished in individual cases.

'Shot' Stirs Troops to Life A "shot" fired into the air at a District Rotary meeting not so many months ago landed in the conscience of the then President of the SHARPSBURG-ETNA-ASPINWALL, Pa., Rotary Club. It was the charge that many



"THE ROTARIAN," a Scout cabin built by the Sharpsburg-Etna-Aspinwall, Pa., Rotary Club. It has a 20-bunk capacity (see item).

Clubs have not been of constructive benefit to their communities. Since then the SHARPSBURG-ETNA-ASPINWALL Club has built a spacious Boy Scout cabin christened "The Rotarian" (see cut), and has organized eight new Scout troops and reorganized another, and is forming six more.

Wheel Turns in Sweden For proof that the Rotary wheel is running well in Sweden, note these thumbnail reports of Club

activities: Three-minute Rotary talks feature each meeting of the LINKÖPING Club. . . . Discussions highlight meetings of the Club of VÄSTERÅS. . . . The Club of SÖDERHAMN has a set schedule, with "my job" talks the first week of the month, Rotary discussions the second, Vocational and Community Service subjects the third; and International Service and miscellaneous subjects the fourth. . . . Free samples of various products are frequently distributed at meetings of the Club in GEFLE.

Name in News? Then 'Cough Up' Good explanations are worth a nickel to members of the Rotary Club of ST. ALBANS, VT. Each week a batch of newspaper clippings is handed to the Club President by a newspaperman member, and if the Rotarian whose name is called can explain the reason for the publicity, he escapes with a 5-cent fine. Otherwise it's a dime. The fines help pay for camping trips of 40 Club youngsters who otherwise might not have that pleasure.

Ballinger Boys 'on the Ball' Rotarians of BALLINGER, TEX., are proud of their Club-sponsored Boy Scout troop—and they have reason to be. Among other things, the Scouts have distributed Office of War Information posters, aided in war-bond sales, gathered waste paper, qualified for the membership award of the Scout Council for getting new members, and qualified for the Silver Jubilee award of the Council.

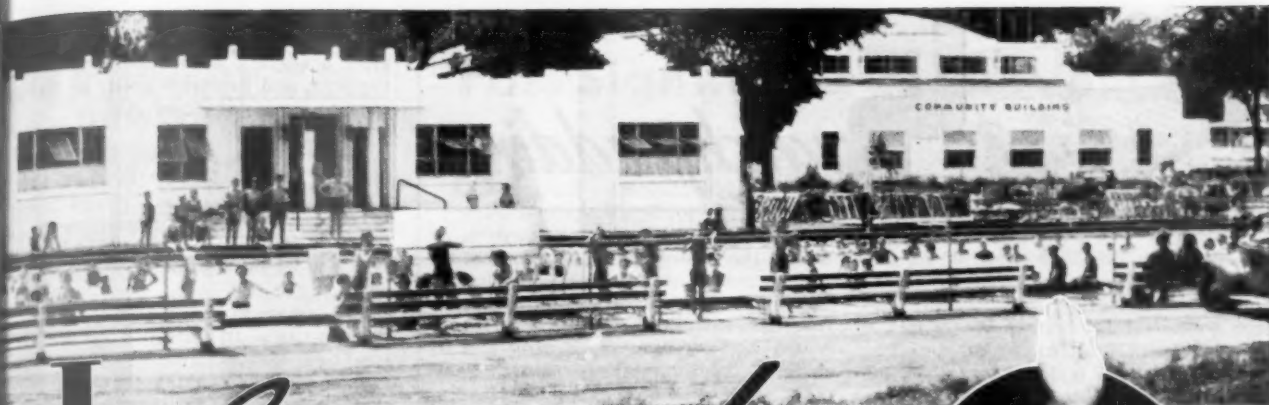
Youngsters Aim at Five-Point Goal Pupils in the various elementary schools in WOOD RIVER, ILL., have a better understanding of citizenship qualities, thanks to the annual "good citizens" class sponsored by the local Rotary Club. For the past two years the Club has presented medals to the boy and girl from each school who measure up the best on these five "citizenship qualities": courtesy, honesty, obedience, trustworthiness, and leadership.

Or Call It 'Camp Coöperation' Service clubs in JAMESTOWN, NO. DAK., have the interests of the youth of the community at heart. For more than 20 years the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs have sponsored Camp Rokiwan, and the Lions Club has helped by paying the fees for underprivileged youngsters who [Continued on page 60]

Photo: Mendenhall



NEED FUNDS—or just fun? Try a minstrel show. Tipton, Ind., did (left) . . . and so did Ludington, Mich. (above). See item about both



Iola did it!

Community-park idea took root after a Rotary meeting Here's how it grew.

GUESS my Chief, the Editor, had a long assignment for me this time, for he had just told me to pack my trunks. "How come 'trunks'?" I asked. "I can usually get everything I need into my little zipper bag."

"I mean your swimming trunks," he corrected. "I want you to cover the water front around a new pool and playground in Iola, Kansas. Riverside Park, they call the place; it was built largely on the inspiration of Iola Rotarians."

Though mother moths had fed my swim suit to their babies, I hurried on to Iola. There, in some elephantine trunks I borrowed, I began my study of the \$70,000 pool and bath house. As many as 1,240 folks, I learned, have used the 90-by-180-foot aquatic playground, which has six diving boards,

in a single sultry Summer's day.

The park in which the pool is set has many other reasons for popularity—and I found most of 'em. The \$400,000 property, which was built with Federal aid, also has a concrete stadium, a race track, tennis courts, a gridiron, a ball diamond; an auditorium used for basketball, dances, etc., and housing a rifle range and a Little Theater. Within the 45 acres are picnic grounds—with 16 stone stoves, a tot's playground, and courts for croquet and "barnyard golf."

Spark behind the park is Rotarian Harlan E. George, park supervisor, who is backed by an able advisory board which includes several Rotarians. The whole project was, in fact, conceived by local Rotarians after a Rotary meeting—but in the best Rotary tradition they made it a city-wide effort.

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

IOLA'S POOL is more than a tub with sun-tan accommodations. Surrounding it are picnic spots and sports facilities of all kinds.

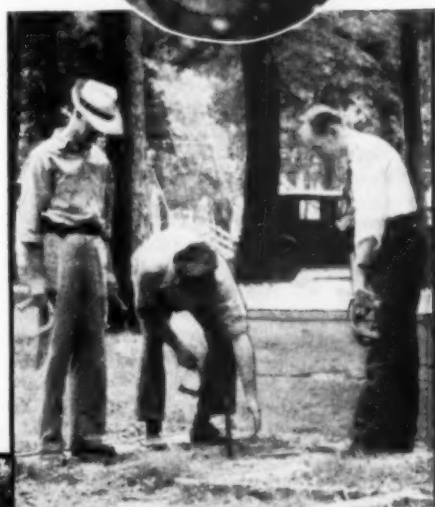


Photo: Powers, Gendreau, Gibson



Scratchpaddings

M-T-W-T-B-P-R-E-H Club. Throughout the four sessions of the International Assembly held recently in Chicago, PRESIDENT RICHARD H. WELLS had a lot of fun in announcing to the Incoming District Governors that he wanted them all to belong to the "M-T-W-T-B-P-R-E-H Club." After letting them think about the initials he told them on the last day that the club name means "Make Tom Warren the Best President Rotary Ever Had," and challenged each Governor to do his best to fulfill the admonition.

Institutes Increase. The Rotary year just closed saw a sizable increase in the number of Institutes of International Understanding as compared with 1943-44. In 1944-45 there were 401 Institutes; in the previous year, 290. Present indications are that there will be a considerable increase in the number held this year. In 1944-45, Institutes were held in 30 different Districts, with District 151 (in Michigan) heading up the parade—with 38. Other leaders included No. 176 with 35; No. 164 with 30; No. 180 with 27; and No. 105 with 25.

Honors. EDWIN A. LINK, JR., Rotarian of Binghamton, N. Y., inventor of the renowned Link aviation trainer (see THE ROTARIAN for December, 1944), has been announced as winner for 1945 of the Potts gold medal of the Franklin Institute.

Foundation Objectives. The 1945 Convention of Rotary International adopted a resolution rescinding the five specific objectives of the Rotary Foundation which were adopted in 1944.

The objectives of the Foundation are therefore those set forth in the Declaration of Trust adopted in 1930-31, and the By-Laws of Rotary International. The Board and the Trustees have adopted a resolution interpreting the meaning of the purposes as coming

within the Internal Revenue Code of the United States of America. Application has been made to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue within the United States for a ruling exempting the income of the Foundation from the payment of income tax and also granting donors to the Foundation within the United States the right to deduct such contributions from their income-tax returns within the maximum limitations set forth within the Internal Revenue Code.

R. I. Elections

One of the first actions taken by the 1945-46 Board of Directors of Rotary International at its first meeting in Chicago, Ill., early in July, was the selection of three Vice-Presidents, as follows: Herbert J. Taylor, of Chicago, Ill., First Vice-President; C. T. Wang, of Chungking, China, Second Vice-President; and Carlos Hoerning, of Santiago, Chile, Third Vice-President.

The Board named Silvester Schiele, of Chicago, Ill., as Treasurer, to succeed the late Rufus F. Chapin.

Author. *Repairing Our Religion* (Christopher Publishing House, \$2) is the title of a book which has come from the pen of THE REV. G. CURTIS JONES, a member of the Rotary Club of Washington, N. C.

Headlines. It isn't often that Rotarians feel so close to the news as did the members of the Rotary Club of Bethesda-Chevy Chase, Md., recently, when CLINTON P. ANDERSON, an honorary member (who holds similar membership in Albuquerque, N. Mex.), was invited to the Club's annual stag party by WALTER G. KOLB, then Club President. ROTARIAN ANDERSON, a Past President of

Rotary International, had just been appointed as Secretary of Agriculture, and after a session with reporters, photographers, and newsreel men, he hurried over to the Rotary meeting.

Retires. DR. CHARLES E. BARKER, a member of the Rotary Club of Grand Rapids, Mich., on June 30 closed 26 years of lecturing under the auspices of Rotary International. During his long Rotary service he has appeared before more than 5,000 Rotary Club gatherings in the United States and Canada, in 3,093 communities. Counting seven years' speaking engagements before he came with Rotary in 1919, he has spoken before more than 7,000 college and high-school groups, including 4,850,000 students. He has also addressed some 3,500 audiences of parents on the importance of rearing children sanely. DR. BARKER came into prominence first as physical instructor of WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT during the latter's Presidency of the United States. Although he is retiring, DR. BARKER intends to "keep his hands on the wheel" by lecturing before Rotary Clubs part time and writing several books for which he has been collecting data. He will make his headquarters in Chicago, Ill.



Barker

Another 'E.' A third "E" star was recently awarded the Micro Switch Division (First Industrial Corporation), of Freeport, Ill., for efficiency in war production. Three members of the Freeport Rotary Club—WALTER B. SCHULTZ, ARTHUR L. RICKE, and W. W. GILMORE—are company executives.

Food for Thought. Having food problems these days? Consider some of those which face WESLEY T. WILKE, Governor of District 100 (Hawaii). He is director of the USO Army and Navy Club in Honolulu, T. H., where are dished up daily a ton of bananas and 350 gallons of ice cream for banana splits—served in soup bowls. The club serves 30,000 meals a day, sleeps 900 every night.

Hats. As many of his friends know, CHARLES L. WHEELER, of San Francisco, Calif., Past President of Rotary International, wears a black Homburg hat on occasion. MRS. WHEELER has learned that he often absentmindedly leaves it placed. LORD CRANBORNE, a member of the British delegation at the recent United Nations Conference on International Organization, meeting in San Francisco, also wears a black Homburg. One day during the Conference, LORD CRANBORNE went to visit a friend living in the same apartment building as the WHEELERS. Before entering the apartment he placed his "topper" on the foyer table outside. Soon MRS. WHEELER came along, spied the hat, thought it was her husband's, put it away—and left the building. When LORD CRANBORNE emerged from his friend's apartment, ready to dash off for



GENERAL officers of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland have been elected for 1945-46. They are (left to right) President Tom Benson (senior active member), of Littlehampton, England; Vice-President J.

H. B. Young (accounting service), of Canterbury, England; Immediate Past President T. H. Rose (senior active), of Birmingham, England; and Treasurer Herbert Schofield (education—colleges), of Loughborough, England.

For Significant Achievement

WINNERS have just been announced in the second annual competition for the President's Award for "significant achievements in promoting the [Rotary] ideal of service."

The contest, first instituted in 1943-44, provides for the recognition of the Rotary Club in each District which shows the most significant results in putting a well-rounded program of Rotary into effect during the year.

Winning entries have been reported by the Governors in the majority of the Districts. In the Districts having competition, some Governors reported as many as 12 to 15 entries.

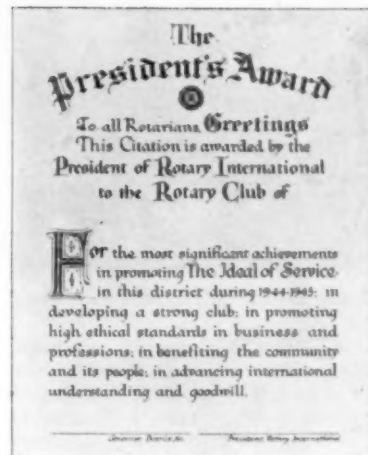
The Club President in Refugio, Tex., winner in District 130, had this comment: "The winning of the President's Award by our Club means so much to us, and not only to our Club, but to our entire community. I only wish that you could have witnessed the expressions and enthusiasm when your letter . . . was read to the Club at our last meeting. To me it will never be forgotten."

District Governor Omer H. Stubbs (No. 162), of Ludlow, Ky., stated, "I am very much pleased with all the reports relative to the individual Rotary Club records of Club Service, Vocational Service, Community Service, and International Service."

Listed numerically, below, are the 1944-45 winners:

District	Club	District	Club
1-2	Glasgow, Scotland*	149	Marion, Ill.
3	Middlesbrough, England	152	Port Huron, Mich.
5	Newton-le-Willows, England	153	Romulus, Mich.
6	Nuneaton, England	155	Muncie, Ind.
13	Tottenham, England	156	Brazil, Ind.*
23	Cordoba, Mexico	158	Cleveland, Ohio
24	Agua Prieta, Mexico	159	Washington Court House, Ohio
25	Bauta, Cuba	161	St. Matthews, Ky.
34	Santiago, Chile	162	Ludlow, Ky.*
42	San José, Costa Rica	163	Paris, Tenn.
55	Johannesburg, South Africa	165	Austell-Clarkdale, Ga.*
100	Maui, Hawaii	167	Lake Wales, Fla.
101	Penticton, B. C., Canada	168	Sudbury, Ont., Canada
105	Alameda, Calif.	169	Jamestown, N. Y.
106	Patterson, Calif.	170	Montreal-Westward, Montreal, Que., Canada*
107	Glendale, Calif.	171	Canisteo, N. Y.
111	Tucson, Ariz.	172	Skaneateles, N. Y.
112	Billings, Mont.	174	New York, N. Y.
113	Littleton, Colo.	175	Bradford, Pa.
116	Red Deer, Alta., Canada	176	Washington, Pa.
117	Fargo, No. Dak.	177	Scranton, Pa.
122	Clay Center, Kans.	180	Lancaster, Pa.*
124	Clinton, Okla.	182	Belleville, N. J.
127	Lamesa, Tex.	183	Cranford, N. J.
129	Donna, Tex.	184	Salem, N. J.*
130	Refugio, Tex.	186	Staunton, Va.
132	West Liberty, Iowa	187	Kilmarnock-Irvington-Whitestone, Va.
134	Independence, Mo.	188	Shelby, N. C.*
135	West Plains, Mo.	189	Yanceyville, N. C.
136	Cotter, Ark.	190	Woodruff, S. C.
140	Indianola, Miss.	196	Belmont, Mass.*
141	Meridian, Miss.	197	Needham, Mass.
143	Ishpeming, Mich.	198	Pawtucket, R. I.
144	Waupun, Wis.	199	Westfield, Mass.*
146	Edwardsville, Ill.	200	New London, Conn.
147	Chicago Heights, Ill.		
148	Champaign, Ill.		

*Indicates Club was also winner in 1943-44.



SEVENTY-TWO Rotary Clubs around the world have received this—"life size."

an important diplomatic meeting—and you don't attend diplomatic meetings without a hat—there was no hat in sight. His friend's wife recalled the similarity of headpieces of LORD CRANBORNE and her neighbor—and a building manager's key solved everything.

Bond. Though thousands of miles apart, there is a new bond of friendship between the Rotary Clubs of Saskatoon, Sask., Canada, and Middlesbrough, England, according to H. SOAR, Secretary of the latter Club. Recently while talking to the older of two sisters who had been war guests in Saskatoon during the early years of the war, he opened his *Official Directory of Rotary International* to the page on which were listed the officers of the Saskatoon Rotary Club. Immediately the girl saw the name of the Club's Secretary—HERBERT E. CARRIER. "I know him!" she cried excitedly. "He was my Sunday-school superintendent." After that "introduction," SECRETARY SOAR took the young lady to his Rotary meeting that day, where she received a fine reception.

Oldest? The distinction of being the oldest President of a Rotary Club in the world probably goes to JOHN A. MILLIGAN, who will be 85 in August, and who has guided the destinies of the Rotary Club of Porterville, Calif., for the past Rotary year. DISTRICT GOVERNOR F. W. THOMAS, of Fresno, Calif., reported that "SAINT JOHN" MILLIGAN, as his friends affectionately call him, brought the best plan of Committee organization to the District Assembly last year, which served as the model for discussions, and enabled his Club to begin functioning in all fields without delay. Rotary is a "habit" in the MILLIGAN family. ROTARIAN MILLIGAN's perfect-attendance record was broken at 18-years-plus last Fall by temporary illness. His two sons-in-law are Past Presidents of the Porterville Club.



Milligan

Response. The American public responded with more than a million decks of playing cards for hospitalized service personnel in answer to an appeal broadcast recently by RADIOMAN BOB HAWK, who reported that much of the success of the "drive" was due to the excellent cooperation of Rotary Clubs.

Silver Beavers. Out of 13 Silver Beaver awards which have been made in the Everett, Wash., district since 1933, three have gone to active members of the local Rotary Club: RAY DALTON, JOHN KOHNE, and EARLE MACKAY.

Accomplishment. When the talk turns to "doing the impossible," members of the Rotary Club of Ripley, Miss., have a ready example in the life of their new President, DAVID E. GUYTON. Although totally blind since the age of 10, he holds three college degrees, has



ROTARIAN Guyton "gets around" (see item).

headed a college department, has been a newspaper correspondent for over a quarter of a century, president of a bank, has had more than 1,000 poems published, and holds a gold medallion given by the Brooklyn Week for the Blind for "distinguished achievement" in fields not usually attempted by the blind. He is also a popular speaker (see cut).

Presidents. When DR. PERCIVAL HALL, a Rotarian, recently retired after serving as president of Gallaudet College, in Washington, D. C., the only college for the deaf in the world, he was succeeded by another Rotarian, LEONARD M. ELSTAD, of Faribault, Minn. DR. HALL had served the college for more than 25 years.

Greeters. When HARRY S. TRUMAN, President of the United States, made his recent homecoming visit in Independence, Mo., he was met by a special reception committee which included ROTARIANS NAT D. JACKSON, CHARLES D. BUCKLEY, and ORRIN MOON. ROTARIAN HOWARD HARDER, court reporter, transcribed the President's address for the press.

Informality. Illustrative of the friendly atmosphere that characterized the Conference at San Francisco is a little incident, related by CYRUS P. BARNUM, Assistant Secretary of Rotary International and an associate consultant to the U. S. State Department. He was in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel dining room, sitting alone at a table, when he saw a man waiting to be seated. The room was crowded, so CY suggested to the head waiter that he would be glad to share his table. The waiter seated the stranger there, and an interesting 45-

minute conversation ensued. Before they left they exchanged cards and for the first time CY realized with whom he had been dining. On the card was: "HECTOR DAVID CASTRO, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of El Salvador."

Returns. DR. CLAYTON WILLIAMS, a member of the Rotary Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, who for years was in charge of the "American Church" in Paris, France, and who left that city in July, 1940, with his family while helping evacuate people from one side of town as the Germans were coming in on the other, is going back to continue his work. He had gone back to France with supplies and medicine for prisoners of war, but had held a pastorate in Cincinnati after the United States entered the war. Among other documents which DR. WILLIAMS is taking with him is a message signed by the 1944-45 International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of Cincinnati to members of former Rotary Clubs in Europe.

'Baby Bonds.' When JOHN LAMBERT HARRIS, new born and lusty lunged, arrived recently at the home of ROTARIAN AND MRS. DANIEL HARRIS, in Oberlin, Ohio, Dad didn't pass the cigars. No, sir!—but here's what he did pass: To each member of his Rotary Club ROTARIAN HARRIS gave a \$5 war stamp album in which the first stamp had been attached. Instructions were that the recipient present the album to some child—and to see that it was filled. The members weren't a bit peeved at not getting a smoke—as their loud applause proved.

President Speaks. High tribute was paid to Rotary in Colombia recently when DR. ALFONSO LÓPEZ, President of the Republic of Colombia, made a special flight from Bogotá, the capital, to Cali to open the recent Conference of District 40. He was one of the founder members of the Rotary Club of Bogotá.

Dig In. Remember the frontispiece of THE ROTARIAN for February? It pictured two former Rotarians and their "Rotary Club" fox hole on Leyte. One of them, LIEUTENANT D. L. MULFORD, of Montclair, N. J., now figures in the news from Okinawa, where he reports a "Rotary Club" is now meeting. Among the "rules of meeting" are these: "Members will bring helmet, weapon, and shovel—fox-hole facilities being somewhat meager. The

first half hour of every meeting will be devoted to digging. . . . The Luncheon Committee will make an immediate search of the island for chicken quettes and peas, so as to have an ample supply on hand for meetings. . . . In the event of artillery shelling before the luncheon is half over (before the chicken and peas are served), shrapnel checks will be issued which will be good for any subsequent meeting."

Acrostic. There have been many other acrostical interpretations of "Rotary," but here's how ROTARIAN B. F. WILLIAMS of Des Moines, Iowa, believes the "Alphabet of Rotary" should be drawn up:

R for responsiveness
O for obligation and opportunity
T for tolerance
A for activity and attitude
R for radiation
Y for YOU

Attendees. Perfect-attendance records are "blooming" here and there around the Rotary world. Here is a "bouquet" picked from the ten-to-12 year "garden" of District 122, in Kansas: VERNER V. ALQUIST, 14 years, Clay Center; SIDNEY A. BILLINGS, 13, Downs; HARRY C. COX, 13, and C. OTIS BOSTON, 10, Dorado; JOHN A. HAHNENKRATT and GEORGE D. TUBBS, 12, Norton; ERNEST CURRAN, 13, and LOREN H. MOORE, 11, Pratt; ARTHUR M. MCCARTY, 12, Salina; JESSE J. BREWER, 10, Syracuse; FRANK SMART, 10, Stafford; and CHARLES HILLBRANDT and FLOYD B. HOLLINGSWORTH, 11, Wellington. . . . To that add the names of two members of the Club in Vincennes, Ind.: LEO A. SIMON, with 13 years, and JAMES E. LAWRIE, with 11. (A forthcoming issue of THE ROTARIAN will carry a pictorial of Rotarians with better than 15 years' perfect-attendance records.)

Request. Among actions taken by the Board of Directors of Rotary International at its meeting in May was the request that all Incoming District Governors, when making plans for their 1946 District Assemblies, comply fully with the letter and also the spirit of any governmental wartime regulations which may apply to the holding of gatherings in their respective countries.

Suzie. While working at the check stand at the local USO, ROTARIAN B. WHISLER, of Oceanside, Calif., was approached by a young sailor. "Suzie doesn't like picture shows," reported the



FAITHFUL attendance records were recognized in an unusual way when the Rotary Club of Hagerstown, Md., observed its 30th anniversary recently. Members with attendance records of 15 years or more took charge of arrangements. They are (left to right) N. B.

Kurzenknabe, 20 years; Secretary P. E. Gruber, 17; E. N. Funkhouser, 19; J. R. Tenney, 20; F. S. Leiter (Chairman), 22; 1944-45 President F. M. Thomas; J. F. Ridenour, 20; R. P. Smith, 20; W. G. Porter, 15; E. K. Bachtell, 22; M. B. Ridenour, 15. (Not shown, L. V. Hershey, 14)



THE ROTARIAN'S HOLE-IN-ONE CLUB



GOLFERS still thrill and always will on making a hole-in-one. For an idea of what the feat feels like see these 17 Rotarians—new members (Nos. 626 to 642) in THE ROTARIAN'S Hole-in-One Club.

* * *

Walter R. Angle (left), Wichita, Kans., Westlink G. C., 149 yds. (twice in two days); C. E. Harrison (right), St. Petersburg, Fla., Clark's Sunset G. C., 169 yds.



Carl A. Lamus, Sacramento, Calif., Del Paso C. C., 187 yds.; F. H. Mueller, Grand Rapids, Mich., Kent C. C., 165 yds.; Charles I. Nathan, Auckland, New Zealand, Middlemore G. C., 155 yds.



Earle Bevins, Chico, Calif., Bidwell Mun. G. C.; A. E. Clark, Pauls Valley, Okla., Rennie G. C., 145 yds.; Wendell W. Dykeman, Chelsea, Mass., Unicorn C. C., 165 yds.



Arthur E. James, Sydney, Australia, Katoomba G. C., 125 yds.; Joseph Anderson, St. John's, Newfoundland, Bally Haly G. C., 157 yds.; C. E. Carey, Jr., Denver, Colo., Denver C. C., 160 yds.



Lewis L. Fawcett, Brooklyn, N. Y., Megunticook G. C., 117 yds.; G. W. Moore, Jr., Petaluma, Calif., Petaluma G. & C. C., 145 yds. (also 160 yds.); Ben Prugh, Kaukauna, Wis., Butte des Morts G. C., 117 yds.



Haskell Anderson, Wellington, New Zealand, Miramar Links; W. A. Johnson, Kerrville, Tex., Kerrville C. C., 145 yds.; Henry M. Rankin, Toledo, Ohio, Sylvania C. C., 145 yds.



...ayman, "and I'd like to check her." Sure, we'll check her," replied ROTARIAN WHISLER, "but who is Suzie?" Out from his blouse the sailor pulled a large snake. ROTARIAN WHISLER stood aghast and several women screamed. The Rotarian reasoned that if Suzie didn't like shows, and the sailor wanted to see the movie, there was nothing to do but check her, so a large cloth bag was found and she was "poured" in. The sailor asked that his Suzie be petted once in a while, as she appreciated attention, but reports are not clear whether that was done. Anyway, ROTARIAN WHISLER lived up to Rotary's Service above Self."

No Go. Laconia, N. H., Rotarians were about to ship a big wooden box full of used clothing to a British war-relief agency recently when two men appeared, looking for their overcoats, which they had left in the room in which the clothing was assembled. The box was uncrated, their clothing found, a few pounds lighter, the shipment was sent on its way.

Committees Named. As one of his first acts as President of Rotary International, T. A. WARREN announced his committees for the year 1945-46, as follows:

Aims and Objects—T. H. Rose, Birmingham, England, Chairman.

CLUB SERVICE: Horace B. Griffen, Mesa, Ariz., U.S.A. **Alternate:** Frank J. Horn, Macomb, Ill., U.S.A.

VOCATIONAL SERVICE: John J. Walker, Johannesburg, South Africa. **Alternate:** Harry E. Hovey, Geneva, N. Y., U.S.A.

COMMUNITY SERVICE: S. Kendrick, Jersey, Jacksonville, Fla., U.S.A. **Alternate:** Rilea W. Doe, Oakland, Calif., U.S.A.

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE: Jorge M. Zepeda, Lima, Peru. **Alternate:** Arthur Morton, Montreal, Que., Canada.

Canadian Advisory—Arthur Lagueux, Quebec, Que., Canada, Chairman; Edward D. Fletcher, Vancouver, B. C., Canada; John C. MacMillan, Sydney, N. S., Canada; Frank E. Perney, Hamilton, Ont., Canada; Arthur W. Widnall, Fort William, Ont., Canada.

Constitution and By-Laws—Charles Pettengill, Greenwich, Conn., U.S.A., Chairman; Ivan Culbertson, Wilmington, Del., U.S.A.; Frank E. Spain, Birmingham, Ala., U.S.A.

1946 Convention—Albert Z. Baker, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., Chairman; Joseph A. Abey, Reading, Pa., U.S.A.; Arthur Lagueux, Quebec, Que., Canada; T. H. Rose, Birmingham, England; Aquin Serratos Cibilis, Montevideo, Uruguay; Jeff H. Williams, Chickasha, Okla., U.S.A.

1947 Convention—Harry F. Russell, Hastings, Nebr., U.S.A., Chairman; Cesar Andrade, Guayaquil, Ecuador; Howard G. Evans, Two Rivers, Wis., U.S.A.; Fred E. Osborne, Calgary, Alta., Canada; T. H. Rose, Birmingham, England; Wm. Schneidereith, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

South American Extension (North Region)—Miguel Herrejon, Morelia,

Mexico, Chairman; Luis Alberto Cordovez, Guayaquil, Ecuador; Fidel Correa, Medellin, Colombia; Agustin Gomez Lubian, Santa Clara, Cuba; Salomon Ibarra Mayorga, Managua, Nicaragua.

South American Extension (Southern Region)—Pedro Menendez Lees, Montevideo, Uruguay, chairman; Julio Bustamante Pinto, Rancagua, Chile; Fermin Carrion Mattos, Huacho, Peru; José Francisco Luis Castiglione, Santiago del Estero, Argentina; Ernesto Imbassahy de Mello, Niterol, Brazil.

Extension Committee for United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda (Eastern Region)—Emmor Roberts, Marlton-Medford-Vincetown, N. J., U.S.A., Chairman; John T. Gray, Jr., Brownsville, Tenn., U.S.A.; Joseph S. Merritt, Dundalk, Md., U.S.A.; Hal S. Orr, Rocky Mount, N. C., U.S.A.; Harmon Edmund Rice, Huntsville, Ont., Canada.

Extension Committee for United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda (Western Region)—Louis L. Roth, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A., Chairman; John N. McFadden, Dauphin, Man., Canada; Charles E. Paxton, Sweetwater, Tex., U.S.A.; William D. Shannon, Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.; Joe J. Weigel, Dodge City, Kans., U.S.A.

Finance—Percy Hodgson, Pawtucket, R. I., U.S.A.; Chairman; Harry C. Bulkley, Abingdon, Ill., U.S.A.; Tom J. Davis, Butte, Mont., U.S.A.; Norman G. Foster, Ottawa, Ont., Canada; J. Edd McLaughlin, Ralls, Tex., U.S.A.

Investment—J. Edd McLaughlin, Ralls, Tex., U.S.A., Chairman; Silvester Schiele, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. (Treasurer of Rotary International); Herbert J. Taylor, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

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—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Futures in 'Spuds'

FOR VERSATILITY, crown the po-tato! You can bake, boil, fry, or mash it . . . chip, shoestring, rice, or hash it. You can reduce it to al-cohol, starch, or flour, or dignify it on menus as *pomme de terre*. But that isn't all.

In this starchy old vegetable, which has crept around the world from its native soil in the South American Andes, there may lie the promise of independence for many a man back from the war.

Members of the Rotary Club of Chicago saw a sign of that promise at a recent meeting. To their ros-trum stepped a soldier of World War I—a Belgian who, finding the old home farm in Flanders devastated by war, had migrated to America and to Michigan. There in Delta County he had started afresh, cutting timber to save money, saving money to buy a farm. By hand-stiffening toil, Emil DeBacker—that's his name—won that farm, made it one of the finest in the area. But what helped him greatly on his steep climb to pros-perity was the lowly, homely, ubiqui-tous "spud."

Delta County has always been good

potato land—but some years ago Escanaba Rotarians and the Escanaba Potato Boosters Associa-tion—in which Rotarians play a significant part—began encour-aging farmers toward a goal of more and better potatoes. The suggestion "took" with Emil De-Backer, and, last year, on a ten-acre potato patch he set a pro-duction record of 715 bushels per acre! On each acre he grossed about \$1,000. From 40 acres of potatoes he took 22,000 bushels—an average of 530 bushels per acre. That, plus the fact that he won first prize in a certified seed-growing con-test, sets him up as the Potato King of Michigan.

DeBacker isn't alone; seven of his neighbors won 500-bushel yields. Twenty-seven harvested more than 300 bushels per acre—which, before farmers and businessmen got to-gether, was a bumper crop.

But no potato man, least of all Michigan's "spud" champion, claims potato growing a soft snap. Telling Chicago Rotarians how he plowed, disced, harrowed, manured, mineral-ized, seeded, cultivated, and (ten



LEFT to right: Potato, DeBacker, and Gramlich.

times) sprayed his crop, and how he also milks 40 head of cows, DeBacker concluded, "I do not seem to get to town very often."

Still, he gave quick assent when Rotarian H. J. Gramlich, the railroad agricultural agent who interviewed him before the Club, asked, "Well, Emil, do you think men coming home from World War II can find a future in potatoes just as you did?"

"Sure thing," DeBacker replied. "A soldier knows what it is to want something very much. If he wants open air, hard work, and a fair living, he can find it in potatoes."

Meanwhile Emil DeBacker is going out after 800 bushels per acre. And no one says he'll never make it.

San Francisco: Gateway to Peace

Continued from page 101

shared in the process, and whose meetings were, for me at least, a great and valuable experience.

The point I wish to make is that what we saw at San Francisco was a forecast of how The United Nations organization itself will work. We saw a pattern of cooperation in the making, and we found that it can be made to work, in solving even the most difficult problems. We learned that all nations, large and small, have a contribution to make and that it is both unwise and wasteful to disregard the considered opinion of anyone.

The process I have described is familiar to you. It is, in essence, part of the democratic process. It is a process that we in the United States have developed with considerable success in our domestic life. From the days of the New England town meetings, it has been traditional with Americans. But we must remember that not all peoples have had this tradition or these centuries of experience. The United States and the other United Nations no less will have to cultivate the democratic process with great persistence, patience, and forbearance in our dealings with each other. We shall have to extend it, month by month and year by year, into the field of international relations.

You in Rotary are pioneers in applying this method of coöperation to the relations between peoples of different nationalities and languages and cultures. You understand its difficulties and its rewards. And you will, I am confident, do all in your power to help make this great experiment of the United Nations fulfill its promise of peace and goodwill and understanding among men.

The words of President Truman at the opening of the San Francisco Conference provide our text as we embark on our great task:

"If we do not want to die together in war, we must learn to live together in peace.

"With firm faith in our hearts to sustain us along the hard road to victory we will find our way to a secure peace for the ultimate benefit of all humanity.

"We must build a new world—a far better world—one in which the eternal dignity of man is respected.

"As we are about to undertake our heavy duties we beseech Almighty God to guide us in building a permanent monument to those who gave their lives at this moment might come.

"May He lead our steps in His own righteous path of peace."

BOTH SOCRATES AND FRANKLIN SAID:

"Honesty is the Best Policy"



WE SAY:

Bonded "Honesty is the Best Policy"

WE AGREE with these august gentlemen but, in all humility, simply must go them one better. Had they known what we have learned in more than 60 years about applying practical brakes to one of the frailties of human nature, they would smile knowingly and agree that we, too, "had something there."

You see, there were no corporate guarantors of individual honesty, and crimes of dishonesty weren't the serious menace they are today in a populous, complex society. So we are quite sure that if they were here today, they

would okay our contention that *Bonded Honesty* is far more effective in every way than relying upon Simon Pure Honesty alone. And among the features of modern America which would delight their blessed minds would be the carefully-developed protective measures provided by strong and well-equipped insurance companies to help keep honest men honest!

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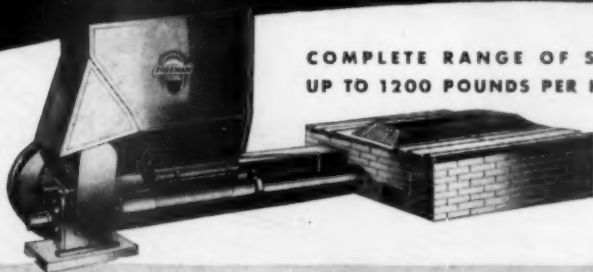
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Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

logic and the brutal ethics of their Government's behavior clearly presented to all classes, with ample proof of facts.

Toward that end, freedom of speech, press, radio, etc., has been suggested for Germany under Allied occupation. In order to surmount all difficulties in getting the truth to the masses, I would suggest that we grant these freedoms to Germany, and absolutely require that every avenue of publicity must give equal opportunity to both (or all) sides of every public question. . . .

Prompt German compliance would afford much hope for the future. German refusal to cooperate fairly would show that the country must continue under control until the mass of future Germans are willing to face the facts and to admit to themselves and the world that they must treat other peoples as Germans wish themselves to be treated.

The suggested policy has other obvious advantages, omitted here for lack of space.

Conscript for Peace

Urges W. H. KURTZ, Rotarian
Educator
Albany, Oregon

I have been following with interest the comments by readers on the idea of compulsory military training in the United States. However, I believe that the rocket bomb has changed the entire picture as far as future war and preparation for it are concerned. Rocket bombs could be released which could destroy whole cities and communication centers. No amount of military training or massing of equipment could combat such a situation once we let it develop.

For that reason, I believe there should be a substitute for military conscription: a law which would conscript both boys and girls at the end of high school for a period of one year. Three months would be spent in travel around the world for the purpose of studying people and world problems, with the last

nine months spent in some other country of their choice at intensive study of the occupation which they have chosen for a lifework. It is further suggested that the administration of the program be handled by the United States Office of Education in collaboration with the Department of State. Both the training time and the months of educational study should be organized and supervised by educators who could help students to see more than the average traveller sees, to assimilate what they see, and to help with their problems as they arise during the course of the year.

The total cost and the total personnel for the administration of this program would be no greater than the least expensive military-conscription program that could be devised and the result would be in the direction of peace, with the greatest possible national protection that any one program could offer. Conscription for peace would prove to all nations that our intent is one of cooperation and that the exploiter is as obnoxious to us as to them.

Husband's Magazine Works

Reports MRS. STANLEY D. WILCOX
Wife of Rotarian
Dover, New Jersey

My husband's copies of THE ROTARIAN were extremely helpful to me when I was my privilege to arrange a Pan American Day program for the local Woman's Club in April.

The clubrooms were transformed into a semitropical setting by pictures, maps and an interesting exhibit of articles from Cuba, Panama, Brazil, and Mexico. Three covers of THE ROTARIAN—*Bolivia Market*, March, 1944; *Cantinflas as Romeo*, April, 1944; and *Indian Woman of the Andes*, March, 1945—in beautiful colors were mounted and placed on a table covered with a colorful Mexican cloth. The pictures which appeared in THE ROTARIAN for April, 1944, under the title *Twins in Greatness of the Americas*—paralleling Argentine and American heroes—were shown, and a digest of the article *Latin America Comes of Age*, by Edward Tomlinson, from THE ROTARIAN for March, 1944, was presented.



"NO TELLING when it will hail again!"

Opinion

Pithy bits—gleaned from talks, letters, and Rotary publications.

Potential Power

V. J. JENKINSON, Controls Mfr.

Secretary, Rotary Club

Mimico-New Toronto, Ont., Canada

Let us not ride along on the past accomplishments of Rotary. If we take the attitude that we are the original service club and that we can coast along on our prestige, we shall soon be at the bottom of the heap. We can't stand still—we must either go ahead or go back and the world throws a challenge to us today to go ahead. When you consider that Rotary has a quarter of a million members all over the world, can you visualize the tremendous power that Rotary can take in forming the future of the world? Imagine the influence of a quarter of a million people leading businessmen if we just live the Four Objects of Rotary.—From a Rotary Club address.

Young Have New Responsibility

FRANCIS B. WILLMOTT, Rotarian

Birmingham, England

We are now on the threshold of a new era in Government administration, and this time its formation and leadership are going to be born from the will of the people with the able assistance of the millions of young men and women who, for the first time, are going to be invited to exercise their right to choose the ambassadors for freedom and justice in a democratic community. These young people have thereby a great responsibility on their shoulders, for on their individual and combined decision will depend the outcome of future administration through which they will hope to get their rightful human claims for the essential amenities of life which education and progress have taught them to expect.

Confession

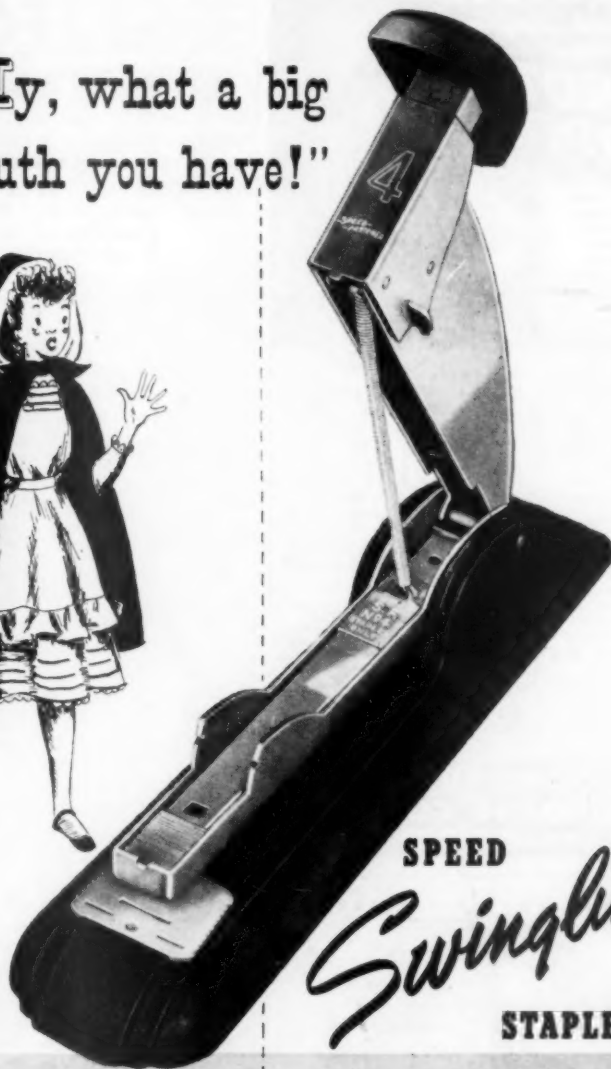
A ROTARIAN

Kingston, Ontario, Canada

I had always been a busy man: busy in my business, busy in my family affairs, and—in what odd moments I could spare—busy in a few small public activities. But, although blessed with a loving, helpful wife, healthy, cheery children, and a pleasant home, I was not a happy man, because I had let my own selfish interests narrow my outlook, warp my social instincts, make me hard on those under me, suspicious of most men, and definitely hostile to all trade competitors. Life seemed to me a dark and dismal thing. I don't think I had really had a hearty laugh for years.

And then, one blessed day, the doors of Rotary were thrown open to me. To my surprise—and secret joy—I was invited to join the Rotary Club of the city in which I dwelt. I accepted with alacrity, attended my first meeting, and therein found a number of the very people I had hitherto looked upon as supercilious high-hats, some of them even as

"My, what a big mouth you have!"



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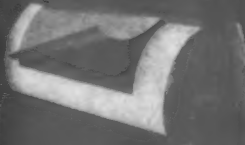
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personal enemies. These men welcomed me warmly, began at once to call me by my Christian name (which I rather resented at first), and admitted me to their fellowship with almost embarrassing goodwill.

After that first experience, Thursday noon became a date always ardently to be looked forward to. The cheery greetings, the hearty singing, the fun and leg-pulling, the interesting, informative programs, made me feel like a schoolboy again. I always left our meetings refreshed in spirit, possessed of new courage to meet the troublesome world outside. And, as time went on, there was the ever-recurring joy of making new friendships among men whom it was an honor and privilege to know.

Many years have elapsed since Rotary first called me. Its fellowship has brought me much happiness and the knowledge that life is well worth while after all. Can you wonder that I am still as ardent a Rotarian as ever!—*From the Kingston, Ontario, Canada, Rotary Bulletin.*

Each Knows What He Should Do

J. M. SILVESTER, Rotarian
Publicity Service
Nairobi, Kenya

I cannot, for instance, know what the doctor, the lawyer, or the businessman ought to do in carrying on his work. But I know what I myself ought to do and it is up to me to do it. The most perfect man who ever lived said: "I come not to be ministered unto but to minister." If we, in our several ways, can live out those words, however imperfectly, the difficulties of Vocational Service will not defeat us.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

The Enemy Within

ERWIN D. CANHAM, Managing Editor
Christian Science Monitor
Boston, Massachusetts

Now, what are we really trying to defeat in this war? We are trying to defeat selfish aggression, the concept of the master race, whether Nazi or Japanese, seeking to enslave the rest of mankind. We are trying to defeat the denial of the brotherhood of man. This basic denial, this aggressiveness, took the form of the attack upon us at Pearl Harbor and the Nazi effort to dominate the world.

But our most vicious enemy has not been the Oriental who launched a secret attack on our Pacific fortress, nor the methodical and powerful Teuton. Our most vicious enemy was and is within. This enemy from within dealt grievous blows at us long before Pearl Harbor; he was directly and solely responsible for the debacle on that disgraceful day of December 7, and he has been hitting hard at us for some time on the labor front.

Is it fanciful to declare that our greatest enemy will be our own folly or apathy or selfishness? Too many of us have been bemused or bamboozled—mesmerized—by a kind of mental lethargy and shortsightedness that is almost incredible. Go back to Pearl Harbor. Or to Clark Field in The Philippines.

Three vital sinews of war are coal, steel and transportation. We send our finest young men of our generation risk their lives in bombers over Europe to hit at the coal and steel and transportation of our enemy. With a fortitude and bravery that is as noble as anything Americans have displayed through their brave and noble youth these young men go out to do their home are perfectly prepared to work and go out on strike—to inflict one hour's stoppage, probably no damage on our war effort than the American planes could inflict on the enemy's war effort in a day's raid. *From an address to the Rotary Club, Boston, Massachusetts.*

In Commemoration

WILLIAM H. SHELPER
Honorary Rotarian
Supt., City Rescue Mission
Bloomington, Illinois

Recently I composed the following poem, which I later read over the radio station. Perhaps others would like to read it.

*As I think of the blue, as I think of the gray,
As I think of the sorrow of the bygone day,
As I think of the battlefield hoary and old,
As I think of the mothers with a far-
sigh,
As I think of the boy who had to die
For the sake of his country, for you see
For the stars and stripes of Old Glory
true,
For the red, the white, and the beautiful
blue,
In the war of the sixties when father
son
Went shoulder to shoulder with bayonet
gun,
When mothers heart broken, crushed, and
sad,
Today in sweet memory she thinks of
lad
Who went to the front for his nation's
With his brave, loving comrades he fell
died.
As I think of the days that are past
gone,
Of the great world war that was fought
won.
As I think of the mother of those boys
As she grieves and sighs and pines away
For a rose or a poppy on Mother's Day
From the tomb of her boy on Flanders
Where the form of her likeness in its
is sealed,
In that far-away land where the blue, white
and red,
Gently floats in the breeze o'er the graves
of our dead.*

We Can Win without You!

WILLIAM E. CLARK, Rotarian
Clergyman
Gary, Indiana

No matter who you are, we can win this war without you. In an enterprise as vast as this, no man is indispensable. Take a look at the basic trend of things. Our rate of production of war mater grows hourly. Our Army and Navy grow daily. Our experience grows with each passing week. To be sure, there are things that annoy: wildcat strikes, Government red tape, and the stubbornness of some management—but these are only little eddies and breezy currents in the great stream that runs on to victory.

Much of the criticism we hear offer stems from two things: first, an inherent right to speak our mind, and second, our subconscious egoism tells us we can do the job better than the other fellow. Most of the people who criticize are vitally interested in

ing this war, but they want it to be their way. Unfortunately we cannot each of us have it our own way. When you hold back or say, "I won't unless you let me bat," you materially retard the day of ultimate victory. We can win without you, but we cannot win so handily nor so well. You are not dispensable, but you certainly can be useful. Your failure to "play the game" will mean that more of our boys will have to pay with their lives. Each day of this war is lengthened by your "holding back" will mean just that many more lives. Yes, we can win without you, but it will be harder. Now what about you? When the war is over and the boys come home, what kind of an account can you give of your stewardship? While they were facing the enemy, can you tell them what you are doing to preserve what they fought for? Will you dare to tell them that your only concept of freedom was gripe about things you wanted and didn't have while they were gone? We can win without you, but we don't want to. It would be tragic if we fought and won on the battlefields and you had at home what we are fighting for.

Democracy Requires Strong Economy
A. B. KELLER, Vice-President
International Harvester Company
Chicago, Illinois
If our hopes for a better world after this war are to be realized, and we are to supply the leadership expected of us, then it must be perfectly plain that we, as a nation, must ourselves be strong, and our weakness and leadership just don't go along together. We must be strong and be heeded by those in other parts of the world who would prefer not to heed us, and we must be strong in order to listen and encourage those who wish to go our way—the way of democracy. Now, if we are to have this strength for leadership, it seems obvious that we must have, first of all, a sound, healthy economy. More than that, we must have an economy compared to the years before this war—a greatly expanded economy. We must have both a much greater volume of foreign trade and a much higher level of production and consumption here at home. These are requisites to a strong economy.—From an address before the Rotary Club of Savanna, Illinois.

These Should Begin at Home
J. P. BERTRAND, Rotarian
Builders Supplies Solicitor
Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada
Order, goodwill, and understanding should begin at home. We must strive to maintain faith in our institutions and to display a broad spirit of tolerance in our relations with our fellowmen of different religious affiliations. Such must also be the dominating factor in attempting to adjust our industrial, labor, State, Provincial difficulties, and in inter-ism to our own people our imperial foreign relations.—From an address before the Rotary Club of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

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Patent Pool Monopolies?

They Stifle Trade—Says Wendell Berge

[Continued from page 28]

the situation brought about in the glass industry and existing in 1938, was this: Hartford, with the technical and financial aid of others in the conspiracy, had acquired, by issue to it or assignment from the owners, more than 600 patents. These, with over 100 Corning controlled patents, over 60 Owens patents, over 70 Hazel patents, and some 12 Lynch patents, had been, by cross-licensing agreements, merged into a pool which effectively controlled the industry. This control was exercised to allot production in Corning's field to Corning, and that in restricted classes within the general container field to Owens, Hazel, Thatcher, Ball, and such other smaller manufacturers as the group agreed should be licensed. The result was that 94 percent of the glass containers manufactured in this country on feeders and formers were made on machinery licensed under the pooled patents.

"The district court found that invention of glass-making machinery had been discouraged, that competition in the manufacture and sale or licensing of such machinery had been suppressed, and that the system of restricted licensing had been employed to suppress competition in the manufacture of unpatented glassware and to maintain prices of the manufactured product. The findings are full and adequate and are supported by evidence, much of it contemporary writings of corporate defendants or their officers and agents."

The dissenting Judge's language is still more vigorous:

"They [the defendants] have become absolute masters of that domain of our public economy. They achieved this result largely through the manipulation of patents and licensing agreements. They obtained patents for the express purpose of furthering their monopoly. They utilized various types of restrictions in connection with leasing those patents so as to retain their dominance in that industry. The history of this country has perhaps never witnessed a more completely successful economic tyranny over any field of industry than that accomplished by these appellants. They planned their monopolistic program on the basis of getting and keeping and using patents, which they dedicated to the destruction of free competition in the glass-container industry. Their declared object was 'To block the development of machines which might be constructed by others . . . and 'To secure patents on possible improvements of competing machines, so as to

"fence in" those and prevent their reaching an improved state.' These patents were the major weapons in the campaign to subjugate the industry; they were also the fruits of appellant's victory."

Such a patent pool is an economic menace. It would come as a rude shock to the framers of the Constitution, who intended the issuance of patents for the purpose of promoting the progress of science and the useful arts.

There is a further and even more sinister aspect of patent pools which must be considered. During the First World War and at the outset of the present global war, the United States was shocked into the realization that hostile industrial interests in enemy countries had been able to use patents as instruments of economic aggression. In one strategic industry after another we discovered that monopoly groups operating through international patent cartels had succeeded in delaying the development of processes and products vital to our preparedness and had sought to weaken our military potential by withholding "know-how," by exacting excessive prices, and by exercising an insidious influence upon research through the division of fields of technology. The industrial giants in the Axis countries such as the notorious I. G. Farbenindustrie were able to impose grave handicaps upon critical areas in our wartime economy. To cite only one example: In the judgment of the Senate Committee Investigating the National Defense Program, the patent cartel between Standard Oil (N. J.) and I. G. Farben created serious obstacles to the development of a synthetic-rubber industry in the United States. As the Committee stated, "to obtain such a patent structure, Standard paid a heavy price which, as in the case of other companies creating such patent structures, have to be borne by the entire nation."

IT IS not only in the relationship to the war, however, that the abuses of patent pooling endanger the economic health and welfare of a nation. In a whole roster of industries, patents have been employed as the police power of private economic governments. Industrial history is replete with examples of industries dominated by a few small monopoly groups whose power rests on patents. In the radio industry, in explosives, in spectacles, in glass containers, in magnesium, in vitamins, in medicine,

lines, in building materials, in dye-stuffs, in electrical equipment, and in synthetic rubber, to mention prominent examples, the development of the industry has been decided by the arbitrary discretion of groups controlling concentrated patent structures. Using patents as an excuse, monopolists have sought to determine who shall be given permission to manufacture, to buy, and to sell. They have determined what prices should be fixed and in what markets sales might be made. Illegally holding their patent power, such groups have completely negated free enterprise in these and in many other industries. Such control is regimentation and bureaucracy in an extreme and pernicious form. The independent businessman who falls victim to this system of control is without recourse. The cost to a businessman of contesting the legality of the scheme or validity of the patent is prohibitive.

A small inventor with a new idea and the small businessman willing to risk his capital in the open market to introduce a new process or a new product are the mainstays of the system of free enterprise. In an economy which depends for its successful operation primarily upon the emergence of new enterprise and upon the dynamic initiative of inventors and businessmen alike, patent combinations used as clubs by entrenched groups to beat down their smaller rivals, are a potent menace. The files of the Antitrust Division of the U. S. Department of Justice are filled with the dramatic narratives of small businessmen who have encountered the combined wealth, strength, and power

based upon patent combinations wielded by monopoly groups.

In coping with the problems of the postwar period, American business has a tremendous stake in demonstrating that a democratic economy can provide full employment, full production, and freedom of opportunity. American business cannot successfully meet this test if it is confronted with closed markets and fields of technology fenced in by huge patent structures. Scores of new industries, new horizons of production, and new frontiers for initiative are emerging during the course of the war. It is imperative after victory to remove all possible restrictions upon entrance into new industries, if we are to fulfill the task of making our economy work.

Where patent pools expedite the attainment of this end by stimulating new enterprise and by throwing open the gates of research and invention, their existence may be beneficial, but if patent pools are used to blockade the avenues of opportunity, to divide world markets, or to hamstring technology, the abused patents should be cancelled and the inventions made available without further tribute to the public.

Cancellation of the illegal weapons in itself hardly balances the equities for the industry and for the consumer for the period of misuse, but it is a step in the dissipation of the effects of the abuse. To permit the offender to retain his patent and thereafter to collect royalties thereon, on the promise to be reasonable in future dealings, is, to my mind, like punishing an embezzler by permitting him to keep his loot if he is reasonable in its use.

Mountain Holiday

On first arriving, we felt lost, unsure . . .

*This cabin was our castle two whole weeks,
But could we, city children, quite endure
The high, white majesty of circling peaks?*

*You manfully assumed your share of chores,
Although to see you chopping wood was strange;
I gaily made the bed and swept the floors
And cooked slow meals upon an ancient range.*

*We chilled the milk and butter in a spring;
We cast for rainbows, wading canyon streams;
We climbed green trails, too short of breath to sing,
And lay on giant boulders, lost in dreams.*

*Halfway to heaven, nights are cold and still,
So it was good to stay indoors and keep
A pine-cone fire singing loud, until,
Warm in each other's arms, we fell asleep.*

...

*That was a year—a century—ago.
Now you are wearing khaki, while I learn
To fold and pack white dressings—yet I know
A lonely cabin waits for our return.*

—RUTH SEYMOUR VESELY

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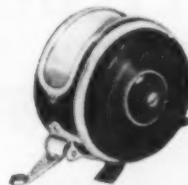


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200 West Ohio St., Dept. 31, Chicago 10, Ill.

Patent Pool Monopolies?

Most Serve the Public Welfare—J. King Harness

[Continued from page 29]

new things—and remember it is new things, not old ones, that make new industries—which will carry the nation to its 60-million-job goal.

What, after all, are those 17 years of protection compared with certain other rights the public freely grants? Under the copyright laws, an author or writer obtains 28 years of protection for his creation. At the end of that period he may renew his copyright. Patents, however, may not be renewed or extended except by special acts of Congress—a thing practically unheard of. Patent ownership is, indeed, little different from home ownership except that its duration is limited. A patent grant is not an award of something to which the rest of the world is entitled, but is merely a deed, for a limited time, to the thing which the inventor has created and which would never have existed but for his creation.

"But," say opponents of the system as it stands—and now we come specifically to the question at issue here—"patents are a form of monopoly. They are a weapon of big business." This is pure fallacy. Few, indeed, are the big businesses which find it necessary to use patent protection. For instance, the big automobile companies for many years pooled their patents without royalty. The airplane companies have a patent pool through which each of them may use the patents of the others upon the payment of a reasonable royalty. Big business has the plants, equipment, and finances with which to outdo competition. On the contrary, small businesses need patent protection to enable them to live and grow against the competition of others who have not had the expense of conception and development of new products. It is significant that before the war, 89 percent of the industrial employees in the United States were in factories hiring 200 or fewer persons. New businesses, too, require patent protection in order to attract venture capital. Thousands of new businesses have started which never would have been born but for the protection afforded by patents.

Then there is the charge that patent pools, cartels, and refusal of patentees to produce under their patents are iniquitous and "there ought to be a law" to abolish them. The fact is that most, if not all, patent pools are excellent things, advantageous to participants and public alike. That admittedly is true of the patent pools such as were brought about by the cross-licensing

agreements in the automotive and airplane industries. A Government representative is now advocating the pooling of radar patents, so that the Government and the public at large will be able, after the war, to obtain from various manufacturers a composite of the best inventions made by all those in the radar industry. So complex has modern industry become that it could not soundly do business without patent pools. Behind your electric refrigerator may stand 50 or even 250 different patents.

The word "cartel" for some reason seems to have a "wicked" implication but the fact is that there are good cartels and bad ones, just as there are good people and bad people. A patent cartel usually involves an agreement between concerns of two or more countries under the terms of which each party agrees to give to the other rights with respect to its inventions, each party agreeing that it will use them only in its own country. It is interesting to know that such an agreement gave the American company rights in and knowledge of methods of producing synthetic rubber which had been developed by the Germans and which have proved invaluable to the United States in the prosecution of the present war.

THE so-called "suppressed" patent is just about as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. The owner of a copyright in a house, a piece of undeveloped real estate—or any other form of property—has the absolute right to bide his time in the development and marketing of it. There is no reason why the owner of patent property should not have the same right. It may well be that the time is not ripe for the investment necessary to market a patented product just as may be the case with the development of any property. The owner of the property should have the right to make that decision.

It is always true that if any patent holder attempt to withhold a work while invention or extort an exorbitant price for it, he invites the rest of the world to find a better way of doing the job. None of us has a monopoly of brains, and a patentee who follows such course will soon find that he has encouraged others to find another way to do the job. Moreover, and to the benefit of the public, that other way usually be a better way.

The same fate awaits any pool of patent owners who may jointly contrive

withhold invention or enforce high prices. There is, for example, the celebrated Hartford Empire case, which opponents of patent pools are wont to cite as a "typical example" of the evils of patent monopoly. That the example is no wise typical of most patent pools beside the point that it shows how patent-pool agreements which limit the number of licensees are self-corrective. Here is what happened:

When the Hartford Empire people bought up patents on bottle-making machinery, the paper- and tin-container industries immediately swung into action. Now paper and tin containers have taken over many of the markets previously held by glass and will fight to hold them after the war. Moreover, the price of glassware has been continuously reduced and is now ridiculously small.



TO ALL intents and purposes, the only times we hear of so-called patent "abuse" are those where the patentee has made a huge investment which he hopes to recover and some other party is unwilling to make a comparable investment, but wants to ride on the coat-tails of his more energetic and daring competitor.

It goes without saying that all patentees are not righteous and neither are they all possessed of good business judgment. The same is true of the owners of automobiles, some of whom may use their cars for nefarious purposes, but that does not mean that we must have a law" so governing the operation of an automobile or the use of the patent as to stifle the commerce and good that flow from them. Such protection from the misuse of patents as the public needs, it already has—in the antitrust laws.


It was under these laws, by the way, that the aforementioned Hartford Empire case was prosecuted.

The hue and cry that has been made by those who would emasculate or strangle the patent system has already manifested itself in a very startling manner. The records show that in the ten-year period from 1933 to 1943, the per capita issuance of patents in the United States decreased by 41 percent. If the nation continues at that rate, it will most assuredly lose its world leadership and destroy all chance that it has of maintaining postwar full employment.

It is both impossible and impracticable to legislate against every fancied and remote possibility of the misuse of property by its owners. The patent system is the lifeblood of America's economic well-being and any legislation with respect to it should be for the purpose of strengthening it rather than for the purpose of tearing it down.

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Mark Twain's Exaggerated Death

By Cyril Clemens

President, International Mark Twain Society

NO ONE can be falsely or prematurely reported dead but reference is invariably made to Mark Twain's death being exaggerated. The late Alexander Woollcott once described the incident as having taken place in Paris; others have placed it in Tunis and Cape Town. Since so many different versions of the origin of this famous saying have appeared, it is high time to put on record the correct version.

In 1897, Mark Twain—whose real name was Samuel Clemens—was staying in London with his family at 23 Tedworth Square, Chelsea. That historic neighborhood, haunted by the shade of melancholy Thomas Carlyle, set afoot the rumor that Mark was in dire financial difficulties. The newspapers then did the rest, and that is how my father, James Ross Clemens, who was in London studying medicine, came to read in the Times that Mark had been deserted by family and friends and was practically starving.

A letter was promptly dispatched offering what financial aid a London medical student could. A few days later my father was in his lodging-house sitting room when the door opened and

his landlady showed in a caller. On glance was enough! There could be no mistaking that Niagara of white hair that whipped-cream suit, and those glintet eyes. With characteristic thoughtfulness Mark had come in person to thank his relative for his offer of assistance. In the course of a pleasant chat he remarked that "the report of my insolvency was an exaggeration."

Note the latter comment well. With "death" later substituted for "insolvency," it was the nucleus of the famous saying. Thus it is that many a to-be-celebrated statement builds itself up with the speaker himself all unconscious of it.

A few months later "Dr. Jim," as Mark called my father, was stricken with pneumonia. Confusing the two Clemenses, the press spread the report that Mark Twain himself was not merely sick—but actually dead! About the official biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, says:

"Once during the Winter a report spread that he was lying at the point of death. A representative of a New York paper ferreted out his address and appeared one day at Tedworth Square

James Ross Clemens, a
cousin of mine was seriously
ill two or three weeks ago, but
in London
~~was reported dead~~
is well now. ~~Charles~~

The report of my illness
grew out of his illness, the
report of my death was
an exaggeration.

Mark Twain

HERE IS the letter in which Mark Twain explains the report of his death to a journalist

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RIAN

he was a young man and naively exhibited his credentials. His order read: Mark Twain very ill, 500 words. If dead, send 1,000."

"Clemens smiled grimly as he handed back the cable. 'You don't need as much as that,' he said; 'just say that the report of my death has been grossly exaggerated'—a remark which flashed over the wire and was next morning amusing the world."

The actual origin was considerably different. Frank Marshall White, English correspondent for the New York Journal, had been in communication with the humorist since his arrival in London. The morning of May 28, 1897, he received a cable from his paper to the effect that there was a report in the American press that the humorist was dying poverty-stricken in London, deserted by his friends and family.

White knew immediately that this report was false because he had seen the humorist only a day or two before, so he went to see Mark, show him the report, and get a statement, if possible.

Mark was found still in bed, wearing a nightshirt with red edging. He was smoking a corn cob pipe and reading a yellow-backed French novel. Beside him on a table stood a glass of claret and seltzer. He looked comfortable!

After White had explained the situation, Mark wrote out the following note, evidently not intended to be at all humorous, but out of which grew the criticism. The note was simply worded: "James Ross Clemens, a cousin of mine was seriously ill two or three weeks ago in London, but is well now. The report of my illness grew out of his illness, the report of my death was an exaggeration.—Mark Twain."

That same night White sent a cable to the New York Journal in which he quoted Mark's own words about his cousin's illness. As usual, the operator who cabled it left out all punctuation marks.

The Journal's copy editor in New York preparing the dispatch for the printer began a paragraph with the last clause of the second short paragraph, "The report of my death was an exaggeration." Then by process of repetition this became, "The report of my death is greatly exaggerated."

Thus we see that this celebrated saying—without a doubt Mark's best-known—would never have come about were it not for the unpunctuated cable and its misreading by the Journal's copy reader.

I am glad to state that after being directly responsible for the world's most famous obituary witticism, my father recovered. In referring to the incident, Mark always concluded his account by growling:

"And even my cousin escaped death—by some chicanery of the tribe of Clemens, I guess!"

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Rotary Reporter

[Continued from page 42]

otherwise could not have the camping
experience. The camp has grown from
an original eight acres to 20. A season's
attendance has been as high as 569.

Anzacs Conduct Postwar Forum

Problems of postwar
reconstruction and
of individual re-
sponsibility toward their solution were
discussed at a meeting of 82 representa-
tives of four West Coast New Zealand
Rotary Clubs held recently at HAWERA.
Designated as the "West Coast Forum,"
the meeting featured the presentation
of three papers dealing with aspects of
the postwar world. A roundtable dis-
cussion and a fellowship period rounded
out the meeting.

Welcome Mat Is Always Out

Highlight of the past
Rotary year for
members of the Ro-
tary Club of HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIF.,
was the Community Service project
which brought servicemen from a near-
by Naval hospital as guests to the
weekly meetings. Each guest was
given a personal memento and a per-
sonal welcome.

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tion can one pur-
chase with \$66.50?
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WASH., has one answer: miles of smiles.
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bers donated that amount for free phone
calls home—for servicemen at the local
USO.

A Paper Made It 'Extra' Special

When members of
the Rotary Club of
SAULT STE. MARIE,
ONT., CANADA, recently observed their
annual ladies' night, it was an event of
special importance. There was even an
extra edition of *The Rotary Ambassa-
dor*, the Club's publication, devoted ex-
clusively to the event.

Fulton Salutes a Good Scout

Members of the Ro-
tary Club of FULTON,
N. Y., recently as-
sembled to pay tribute to a good Ki-
wanian friend—Charles Otis—who has
served as Scoutmaster of the Rotary-
sponsored Boy Scout troop for the past
22 years. They presented him with an
official Boy Scout statuette in apprecia-
tion of his "devotion to duty."

Plano Applauds Veteran Teachers

A recent meeting of
the Rotary Club of
PLANO, ILL., was un-
usual in that guests of the group that
day were two teachers of the PLANO ele-
mentary schools who were retiring after
long and faithful service.

1,817 New Homes! Club Gets Facts

Rotarians of CEDAR
RAPIDS, IOWA, now
have a very good
idea what postwar years will see in
their community. While pushing door-

bells and asking questions in a re-
postwar planning survey, they found
that 1,817 families plan new homes
an expenditure of some \$14,000,000.
New automobiles, refrigerators, and
home repairs are high on the agenda.

Seeking Cash for Big Splash

The next cog in the
wheel of the Rotary
Club of EMPOREUM
PA., will be a community swimming
pool in a local park. The Club has ap-
proved plans for a \$50,000 pool, and has
begun the campaign to raise funds to
complete the project.

Quarter Century for Four Clubs

Four more Rotary
Clubs reach their
25th birthdays
August. They are Staunton, Va.; Bur-
rus, Ohio; New Brunswick, N. J.; and
Kinston, N. C. Congratulations to the
all!

HACKENSACK, N. J., Rotarians will cele-
brate for years the booklets which were
distributed at the Club's recent silver
anniversary.



A TOOTHPICK ceases to be just a toothpick
when Peter Ohlwein, 13, of Highland Park,
Ill., gets through with it. He won a special
purple ribbon with this model of the
Tower at a recent hobby show sponsored
by the Rotary Club of Highland Park.
The model includes 36,000 toothpicks; cost to him.

anniversary. Included are individual
photographs and Club-history high-
lights.

The whole town and countryside were
made Rotary-conscious when the Rotary
Club of DENTON, TEX., observed its 25th
anniversary recently. Day before
the meeting the local press carried a
eight-page section dedicated to the an-
niversary—with 18 stories, plus photo-
graphs and congratulatory ads.

Rotarians of SYLACAUGA, ALA., are
proud of their Club's ten-year history
as was proved by the clever anniversary
radio broadcast which the Club recently
sponsored.

Rotarians of WEST BEND, WIS., are
talking about their recent 20th anniver-
sary, at which time was "unveiled"
scrapbook containing a detailed history
of the WEST BEND Club—the work of a
Rotarian's daughter.



HOBBY

Hitching Post

CHANGING an old saw around: *How much wood would a woodworker work with if he had his way? Perhaps the answer is "plenty."*

GOOD MANY small boys grow up and take their hobbies right along with them—the hobby growing in about the same ratio as the male. Take the case of J. MACK HATCH, a Past District Governor of Rotary International and a member of the Rotary Club of Belmont, North Carolina. As a lad he had a hobby: carving animals, link chains, pliers, and other objects out of wood, using his old trusty penknife. When he grew older, he graduated from the knife technique to the use of hand tools—and a few years ago he "postgraduated" into the power-tool class.

He makes—perhaps we should say manufactures—baby bassinets, baby beds, children's toys of almost all descriptions, light furniture, etc. The fruits of his labors are distributed among friends and relatives—with bassinets being distributed from New York City to Dallas, Texas, and baby beds over most the same territory.

Perhaps his masterpiece is the doll house which he built for a granddaughter. It is an exact replica of her parents' home, scaled one inch to the foot, and equipped as nearly as possible in exactly the same way—even to electric lights.

While children are the usual recipients of ROTARIAN HATCH's handiwork, some of his products are very much "grown up"—such as flower stands.

Then, his feathered friends are re-

membered, too. He has a specialty for them—bird feeding stations and bird-houses fashioned out of hollow logs, for bluebirds and other species which "rent" that type of house.

What's Your Hobby?

Is your hobby seasonal, or do you pursue it the year around? In either case, if you'd like to have your name listed here, drop a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM, and some month your name and hobby will appear below. The only requirement is that you be a Rotarian or the member of a Rotarian's family; the only request, that you acknowledge any correspondence you may receive.

Reptiles: A. W. Mollison (collects reptiles, particularly snakes; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), P. O. Box 32, McNary, Ariz., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Emma Krabill (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends aged 17-20, both boys and girls), Walnut St., Pocomoke City, Md., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: F. A. Gorton (grade-school principal wishes to correspond with teachers of Central and South America concerning school activities; collects stamps), 17 Anderson Ave., Croswell, Mich., U.S.A.

Stamps: Mrs. Norman E. Briggs (wife of Rotarian—collects stamps of Western Hemisphere; will exchange), 26 Saunders St., Whitehall, N. Y., U.S.A.

Stamps: Constance Tazewell (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange U.S.A. stamps for those of other countries), 604 Garfield Rd., Harvard, Ill., U.S.A.

Firearms: Dr. M. B. De Jarnette (collects all types of firearms), Nebraska City, Nebr., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Marjorie Orr (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with others aged 12-15), Pigeon, Mich., U.S.A.

Horses: Nancy Boss (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with anyone similarly interested), 1440 Hythe St., St. Paul 8, Minn., U.S.A.

Spanish: Mrs. James N. Gall (wife of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with others in Spanish; interested in Latin America, in art, in travel), 25 Wawecus Rd., Worcester 5, Mass., U.S.A.

Pitchers: Mrs. Emil Landefeld (wife of Rotarian—collects pitchers, with history thereof; interested in unusual types), 621 Maplewood Dr., Willard, Ohio, U.S.A.

Cartoons: William Mac Leay (15-year-old son of Rotarian—interested in drawing cartoons; would also like pen pals), 101 Second Ave., Grand Mere, Que., Canada.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



ROTARIAN J. MACK HATCH, of Belmont, North Carolina, constructed a doll house (left) for a granddaughter, Suzanne Ross, of Char-



lotte, N. C., which is just like her parents' home (right). Inside and out it follows the model, including drapes, rugs, and furniture.



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Stripped Gears

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians
or their wives submitting stories used
under this heading. Send entries to
Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine,
35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1. The
story which follows is a favorite of F. O.
Devlin, a member of the Rotary Club of
Dannevirke, New Zealand.

One of the Dannevirke Rotary Club's
most popular members was addressing
the Club on "Maori problems." He said
that in his district there were two Ma-
ori families, one with 11 children and
the other with 13, and both families
were living in very small cottages. The
kiddies were entirely out of parental
control and were living in rather squalid
conditions—"but," he added, "what can
you expect. The fathers are never at
home."

The speaker's unconscious humor
brought a roar of laughter from his fel-
low Club members. Needless to say, he
had to pay a substantial fine into the
Sunshine Box.

A Thousand Times No

"No, no," he said, "no, no," quoth he,
"No, no, no, NO!"—vehemently.

"No, no!" he screamed; "no, no," he
bleated.

"No, no, no, no, no, NO!"—repeated.

"Good str," said I, "what means this
mood,
This highly negative attitude?"

He stopped and smiled with grim ela-
tion,

"I'm just a yes-man—on vacation!"

—OLIVER DRAB

Rhyme Riddle

The following lines disclose the name
of a prominent Rotarian:

My last's in busyness, but not in shirk,
My fifth is in smile, but not in smirk.
My fourth is in glare, but not in gawk,
My third is in run, but not in walk.
My second's in dad, but not in niece,
My first is in war, but not in peace.

Beheadings

Behead the following words—see
what happens. Example: Behead in-
formed, and leave merchandise. An-
swer: Aware.

1. Behead to separate, and leave part
of the human head. 2. Behead a place
of repose, and leave an exclamation of
pain. 3. Behead an open wooden vessel,
and leave a line of light. 4. Behead a
weapon, and leave remark. 5. Behead a

furry animal, and leave a writing
6. Behead a tree covering, and leave
vessel well known in history. 7. Behead
pleasing, and leave a frozen substan-
8. Behead a structure over a river, and
leave a range of hills. 9. Behead
communicate, and leave a ceremon-
act. 10. Behead a foot covering, and
leave a garden tool.

The answers to these puzzles will
found on page 63.

Missing: A Friend

I signed a note for a well-loved friend
For friendship is dear to me;
Now here am I and here is the note
But the friend—oh, where is he?

—Supplied by Rotarian James
C. McCabe, Detroit, Michigan

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of
him that hears it, never in the tongue
of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Good As New

"You got a good-looking hat, Bill!"
"Yeah! Bought it five years ago, but
it cleaned three times, changed it twice
in restaurants, once at a Rotary luncheon
—and it's still good as new."—The Ju-
sonian, JACKSON, MISSOURI.

We Don't Blame Him

A Philadelphian committed suicide
and left the following note:

"I married a widow with a grown
daughter. My father fell in love with
my stepdaughter and married her—
becoming my son-in-law, and my step-
daughter became my mother because
she was my father's wife.

"My wife gave birth to a son, and



"BUT, Mom, you said that I should
go and get a haircut just like Dad's."

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was, of course, my father's brother-in-law and also my uncle for he was the brother of my stepmother.

"My father's wife became the mother of a son, who was, of course, my brother, and also my grandchild for he was the son of my daughter.

"Accordingly, my wife was my grandmother because she was my mother's mother—I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time—and, as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather!"—*The Pepper Box*, St. Louis, MISSOURI.

Bare

Girls, when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim
And dress more like her cupboard.
—Witt

Biological Note

Freshman: "Where do jailbirds come from?"

Soph: "They're raised from bats, larks, and swallows."—*Lyons News*.

Sense Makes \$\$

Only a few words are necessary to make sense—and to complete the unfinished limerick below. If yours is one of the three best lines submitted, your sense will make dollars—two of them. Send your entries to *The Fixer*, in care of *The Rotarian Magazine*, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Closing date for entries: October 1.—*Gears Eds.*

No-Fuss Buss

Our past service member Jack Buss
Does his work with the least of a fuss;
Committeemen say
Jack makes work seem like play—

Praise Phase

To Jack's side (see *THE ROTARIAN* for May) came many who would make his praise cover more than one day. How they would do it was as varied as the cities in which the contributors live. You'll recall the verse about Jack:
*On Jack's birthday we give him a flower
And prattle his praise for an hour—
But the rest of the year
We forget to (I fear),*

For the best lines to complete the limerick about Jack, the following contributors have been awarded \$2 each:
But praise "ain't" what made Eisenhower.

(Elizabeth F. Zink, Dunedin, Florida.)
Give his ego a crumb to devour.
(Mrs. Frederic P. Porter, wife of a Beloit, Wisconsin, Rotarian.)
Let him know he's a man with some power.
(Glenn M. Brewer, Sheffield, Alabama.)

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

RHYME RIDDLE: T. A. Warren, of Wolverhampton, England, President of Rotary International.
BEHEADINGS: 1. Tear. 2. Couch. 3. Tray. 4. Sword. 5. Mink. 6. Bark. 7. Nice. 8. Bridge. 9. Write. 10. Shoe.



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To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Last Page Comment

FROM SAN FRANCISCO has come a document of which Harry S. Truman, President of the United States, has soberly said:

If we had had this Charter a few years ago—and, above all, the will to use it—millions now dead would be alive.

You may not agree, but you cannot alter this open-faced fact: Representatives of 50 nations (there were only 49 when we reported in July) have returned to their homelands determined to have the Charter ratified. Around that reality and its consequences will be written the history of the next few—or many—years.

MR. STETTINIUS in this issue of *THE ROTARIAN* opens a sequence of articles explaining the provisions of the Charter of San Francisco. Among others who will contribute to it are Lord Cranborne, of England; Mr. Herbert Vere Evatt, of Australia; Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, of The Philippines; Mr. Joseph Paul-Boncour, of France.

We have invited these gentlemen to discuss specific sections of the Charter, pointing out weaknesses as well as strengths. We believe that the 200-odd thousand business and professional men in some 60 countries of the world who receive *THE ROTARIAN* will welcome these informative and authoritative statements.

WHEN, AS, AND IF the Charter is ratified, will it insure a lasting peace? That question bobs up repeatedly in the letters about our July *Report from San Francisco*, which, you will recall, carried comments from Senator Connally, General Romulo, Dr. Alfaro, and Mr. Masaryk.

Our answer to the question runs something like this:

Let us say that, in normal times, you decide to live in a serene, distant land. You purchase an automobile to get you there. *But mere possession of the machine does not do it.* You must fuel it. You must drive it. You must follow the rules of the road. If the car breaks

Price of Freedom

TAKE THESE men for your ensamples. Like them remember that property can be only for the free, that freedom is the sure possession of those alone who have the courage to defend it.

—Inscription on a memorial to World War I dead at the University of Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

down, you must repair it or have it repaired. Do all of this, and eventually you may arrive.

So it is with *any* political mechanism and the objective for which it was created.

THAT THE CHARTER written at San Francisco has its flaws is conceded by its protagonists and emphasized by its opponents. But there is general agreement that its framers were on especially firm ground when they set up the Economic and Social Council as a "principal organ" of The United Nations.

Most wars have economic roots. World War I, it is said, was in part traceable to the refusal of Hungarians to permit Serbs to ship pigs through Hungarian territory under commercially possible conditions. The Economic and Social Council was planned to reduce and eventually to erad-

icate such incitements to unrest and hostility.

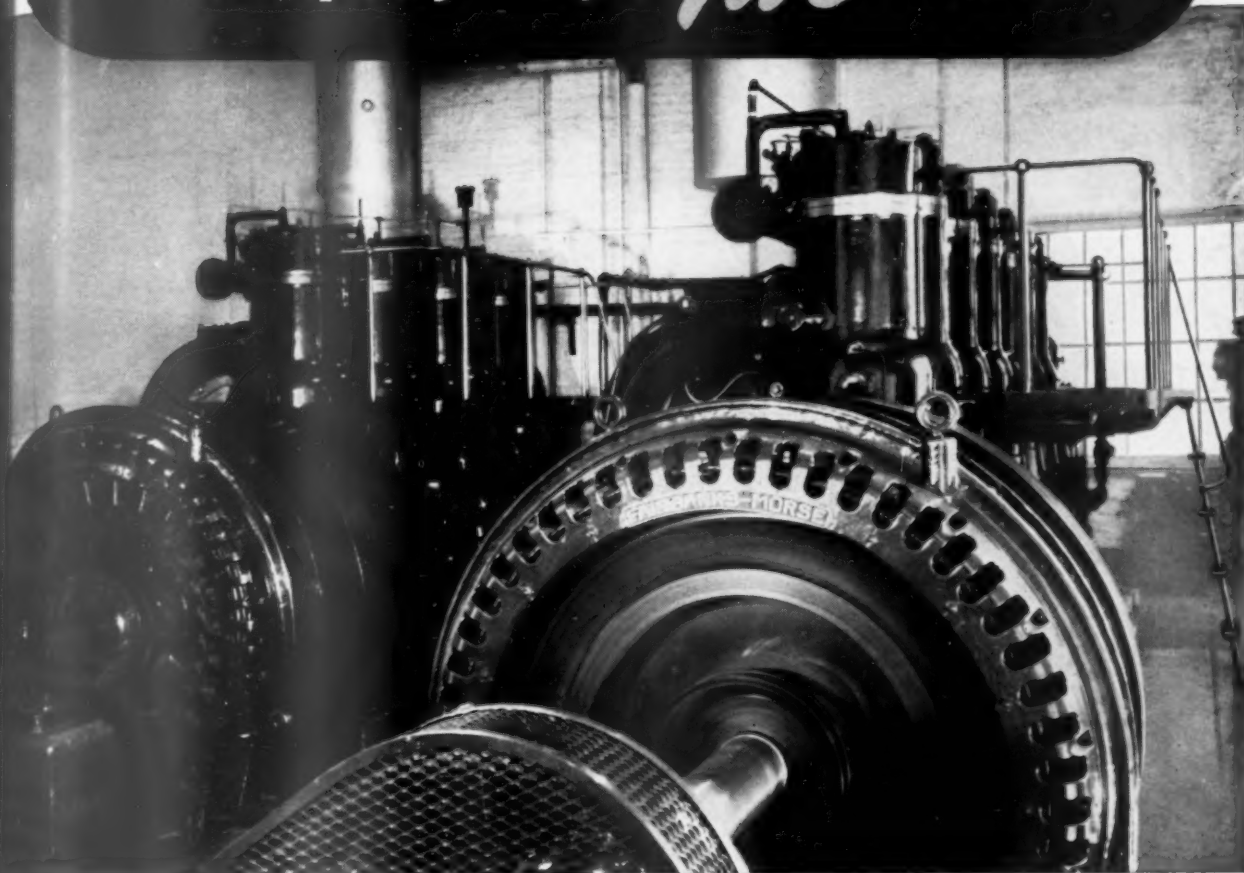
ROTARIANS OF THE WORLD have a special reason to be interested in the program of the Economic and Social Council. For, Mr. Stettinius notes on page 9, will be "authorized to consult with nongovernmental organizations, both international and national, in the fields of competence." This, he adds, "opens the door to international coöperation in fields which are virtually unexplored."

Perhaps the successful experiment of the United States delegation at San Francisco with consultants, described by Dr. Alfaro in his article starting on page 1, offers a hint on what these fields may be. Perhaps the Economic and Social Council will present an opportunity for new forms of Rotary service also "virtually unexplored."

HOME HEATING PLANTS are his stock-in-trade, but Al Frazee, of Dowagiac, Michigan, knows other ways of warming people. He warms them from the inside out—with what he calls the Red Rose Citation. Let, say, a merchant round out 30 years of honest service on Main Street as a Rotarian "father" a new Rotarian Club, and Art—a Past President of the local Club—escorts him to the speaker's table at a weekly meeting and there briefly tells him what townfolk think of him. Then upon the honored guest he pins a red rose, and into his hand places a scroll which will long outlast the bud—an innovation added last year at the suggestion of Samuel G. Gorsline, then Governor of District 151. As effective as it is simple, the ceremony is catching on elsewhere. Battle Creek, Michigan, so honored a schoolma'am and a veteran Rotarian. The 151st District Assembly be-rosed Past Governor Kim Sigler and Sam Gorsline himself. There may be patents on Rotarian Frazee's furnaces, but there are none on his idea of saying "thanks" with a rose!

— your Editor

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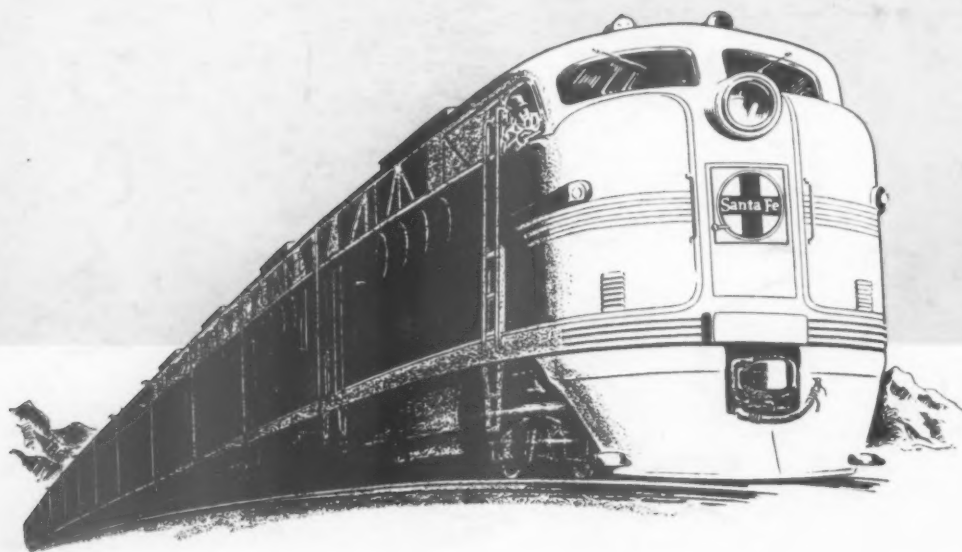
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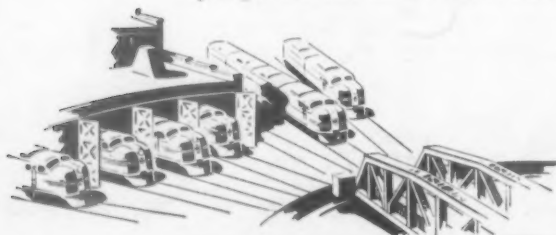
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